

# The Sketch



No. 110.—VOL. IX.

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SIXPENCE.  
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MISS MARIE TEMPEST AS ADÉLE IN "AN ARTIST'S MODEL,"  
AT DALY'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

## “DANDY DICK WHITTINGTON.”

I have a deep belief in the success of Mr. Sims's theatrical ventures, for I think few of us know so accurately the public taste as he. “Little Christopher Columbus” on the first night seemed to most of the critics unlikely to run. They were wrong. Probably most of the professional play-tasters think that “Dandy Dick Whittington’s” charms will not keep it alive till the autumn. Yet I believe it will be a success. Mr. Sims knew what he was doing. The great public does not care about the workmanship of the lyrics if they contain some broadly comic ideas, so he does not waste time in polishing his verses. The “B. P.” is as discreet concerning the age of a joke as about that of a lady, consequently the author makes no desperate effort at novelty. The topics of the day become superannuated, like the police, very slowly; therefore, the “New Woman,” the “Coborn” case, and the “prude on the prowl” appear to him sufficiently up-to-date to be the subjects serving as staple food for his jests.

I might have spoken of the plot in the same strain, but I remember that I have seen many pleasant pantomimes about Dick; so, if it had been called pantomime, one might have passed much—even efforts to make a joke out of the supposed resemblance between the words “feeling” and “feline.” But it is called “opera-bouffe”: no wonder that, if the term “opera” has been so humiliated, “music-drama” has been invented. However, it is best and kindest to consider the piece as pantomime, and I may say that I have been told that the book was originally prepared for pantomime, and only became “opera-bouffe” through change of plan.

Really, there is much in “Dandy Dick” well calculated to please almost all tastes. The first act, with its circus humours—think of poor Dick as a circus-rider with a performing cat which never was let out of its basket!—is not, perhaps, so bright as the second, but it contains a song likely to be sung or hummed all over London. I may give a sample stanza—

I've a friend who is bringing out a compance—  
He has played at the game before;  
It's a big gold-mine in South Afrikee—  
You have heard of that mine before.  
Said he, “Have a dash—it's a pound a share”;—  
Said I, “You can keep all the gold that is there,  
But you won't get mine, for I've none to spare—  
I've played at that game before.”

Perhaps some will be disappointed that Siam, where Dandy Dick makes his fortune, is not Morocco, so our old friends the rats do not appear. Yet, since in their place there is Miss Florence Levey as Willasee, a Siamese maid of honour, no ground remains for grumbling. Miss Levey's dance—perhaps at Bangkok they would not pass it—was really graceful, and she took full advantage of her suppleness. It may be that her “acrobatic dance” with Mr. Henry Wright is only a development of the Lethbridge-Lonnen marionette dance, and not quite legitimate work, but it was very clever and “took” immensely.

Miss May Yohé also delighted many, and I regret that, owing to some fault in my construction, I had little pleasure in her. When a remarkably handsome girl sings and acts in a manner that pleases tens of thousands, the fact that I do not like her work seems to prove that I have a hollow at some part of my head where there ought to be a bump. I fear that I must say the same about the popular Mr. John Sheridan, who earned much applause as Lady Fitzwarren.

Miss Ethel Haydon, the Alice, was suffering from preliminary puffs and a cold, and could hardly be judged; one can say, at least, that she has a face and voice of some fragile prettiness, and knows very little about acting. Mr. Robert Pateman, who should be doing more important work, was funny as a Siamese acrobat, and Mr. Henry Wright laboured prodigiously *à la* Lonnen, and, I think, is quite as good as the original. I should have spoken sooner of Mr. Ivan Caryll's music, but there is not much to be said, save that it is gracefully written, suitable, simple, and not very noteworthy. The verdict of the house upon “Dandy Dick Whittington” was favourable, so the popular “Dagonet” should pardon any suggestions that he might have worked a little harder for the mass of fees that he is going to gain.

X. Y. Z.

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## “GENTLEMAN JOE.”

If you are not acquainted with Gentleman Joe, you can learn much about him from his song—

I've always been brought up polite,  
And a bit of a dandy also;  
And all other cabbies,  
Their wives and their babbies,  
Have christened me “Gentleman Joe.”  
And if you didn't know me by sight,  
Or else by the cut of my clo's,  
It's a pound to a tanner  
You'd swear to my manner,  
And say it was Gentleman Joe's.  
Oh, perhaps it's as well you should know  
That wherever you happen to go,  
It's a thou. to a fiver  
You won't see a driver  
As dandy as Gentleman Joe.

Should the stanza excite your curiosity, go to the Prince of Wales's Theatre and see “Gentleman Joe.” It deserves a visit, for the musical farce by Mr. Basil Hood, with music of which Mr. Walter Slaughter is the composer, is one of the merriest works of its class. There may be dull moments in it—there are. The humours of an amorous “Buttons,” with a taste for servants'-hall literature, are ancient and empty. Mrs. Ralli-Carr's husband, and the *cicisbeo*, Mr. Hughie Jaqueson, have undeveloped parts that should be cut.

However, the balance is well on the right side. Yet a new terror has been added to life—it is the name “Lalage Potts.” The song “That's Me” has “caught on.” What is it? A tall young lady, bearing the name “Lalage Potts,” rushed down the stage, and, in a song, announced that she was a million-heiress from New York, who had come to “Yurrup” to catch a title. Take her own words—

The almighty dollar will buy, you bet,  
A superi-or class of co-ro-net!  
That's why I've come from over the way—  
From New York City, of the U.S.A.  
It's got to be, says La-la-ge Potts!

When she reached that final “Potts,” the house yelled the name, and some of the audience showed a desire to keep up the “Potts” as long as the famous cry, “Great is Diana of the Ephesians!” which, according to De Quincey (I think), cannot be translated into French without serious loss. “The piece,” said someone in the stalls—he shall be nameless—“cannot ‘go to pot,’ because it's gone to ‘Potts.’” Miss Sadie Jerome, who sang the song, made a hit, though her voice is but mediocre, her acting poor, and her dancing amateurish; but she made up her mind to succeed, and put energy enough into the song for success in a Presidential campaign.

Another success, and better deserved, was that of Mr. William Philp, the young singer whose work in “The Knight Errant” caused me to prophesy great things. He delighted the house. His voice is fuller, richer, and sweeter than that of almost any on the comic-opera stage, and he sings very well in some respects. There are faults in his singing—curable faults; in search of “light and shade,” he falls into the error of violent contrasts, while, by forcing them, he makes the different registers of his voice seem disrelated.

Really it is a merry work. The courtship scenes between Mr. Roberts, as Gentleman Joe, and Miss Kitty Loftus, as Emma his sweetheart, are funny. It is a pity that the lively young lady is not a little more restrained and less vigorous: her work is clever, but too much of the rough-and-tumble order, and she threw away the point of her song, “Miss Prim,” by reckless kicking. Gentleman Joe, of course, is the chief affair, and in it Mr. Roberts showed a respect for his author that caused him actually to act, and that very well, too, in several scenes. Perhaps he is not a realistic cabby, though he did not seek false refinement; but in his adventures, and his troubles when his assumption of the title of Lord Donnybrook brought him into difficulties, he was vastly amusing, and when he has “worked up” the part it will be one of his best.

There is other matter for pleasure. Miss Aïda Jenoure sang charmingly—I wish her part had more of the *soubrette* in it; even her cleverness as actress could make nothing of it. The Margate scene, with “Uncle Bones” and his troupe singing to a group of pretty children, was, as Phil May, who sat next to me, remarked, “very jolly.” The music throughout is gay, if occasionally “to memory dear,” and the sentimental ballads are charming. Pretty girls were in abundance, and in pretty dresses—perhaps prettiest was Miss Kate Cutler, whose song, unfortunately, hardly suited her pleasant voice. I shall certainly go to see “Gentleman Joe” again on the hundredth night. MONOCLE.

In a volume of letters written by M. Gavard, formerly of the French Embassy in London, about twenty years ago, there is a complaint about the “coarseness” of our music-halls. This makes one wonder mildly whether M. Gavard was ever familiar with French farces of a certain type still popular in Paris. The tone of the London music-halls is considerably improved, but a farce produced in Paris the other day had all the pristine savour of that sort of entertainment. In one scene, a gentleman, who is caressing a lady, with a cigar in his mouth, is suddenly seized with nausea, and has to beat a retreat! This was received by the audience with shrieks of appreciative laughter. There were other details which would smirch these pages. Really, when it comes to “coarseness,” M. Gavard's countrymen can give us points. To do them justice, so they can in some quite different things.

## AN INTERLUDE WITH MR. ALBERT VISETTI.

Mr. Albert Visetti, Senior Professor of Singing at the Royal College of Music, fills no small place in the musical world, both by virtue of the office he holds and by reason of his own individuality.



MR. ALBERT VISETTI.

When I called on him, he had just come in after a hard day's work, generally of ten hours' duration, variously divided between teaching at the Royal College, Trinity College, the London Academy of Music, and

the Guildhall School, of which Mr. Visetti has been a professor since its foundation.

Harmony seems to be the watchword of the house in Trebovir Road, in the hearty hospitality of the host, who, but for his Italian patronymic and slightly foreign accent, is thoroughly English in every way—besides, his mother was an Englishwoman. In spite, however, of his intense love of this country, he could not have shown better taste than in having married a pretty American lady—a brilliant *causeuse*.

Amidst the elegant comforts of Mr. Visetti's home, you will not fail to detect in the souvenirs, pictures, and photographs an abundance of reminiscence. The faces of Boito and of Faccio are reminiscent of his student days at the Milan Conservatoire. The portrait of Auber recalls his kindness in opening the *salons* of Paris society to young Visetti on the threshold of his career; while close friends are represented in the portraits of Verdi, donor of the beautiful *édition de luxe* of "Falstaff" lying on the table; of Patti, in pastel, a tribute of her regard; of Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, who limned her own portrait for his acceptance. Among other friends of long standing are Sir Arthur Sullivan, Rubinstein, Liszt, Sir George Grove, and Sir Joseph Barnby, who, as Mr. Visetti assures you, has most markedly raised both the tone and the standard of proficiency at the Guildhall School of Music since his appointment as Principal. The photograph of the Duke of Edinburgh reminds you of the immense service his Royal Highness has rendered to the advancement of music in this country, and not least in having projected twenty-five years ago an institution such as we now have in the Royal College of Music. On an escritoire an elegant silver vase is an acknowledgment of the energy which Mr. Visetti devoted for six years in raising the Philharmonic Society's Concerts at Bath to the highest state of excellence. To this society he dedicated his choral work "The Praise of Song." On the book-shelves you may notice evidences of Mr. Visetti's industry with his pen, in his translations into Italian of Dr. Hullah's History, Dr. Hueffer's Musical Studies, and the manuscripts of his rendering of Grove's Dictionary of Music, to be supplemented ere long by an Italian translation of Dr. Hubert Parry's masterly work on the Art of Music.

"One need scarcely ask you if you deem the Royal College of Music an institution fulfilling its mission, but it would be interesting to have your reasons for the faith that is in you?" I said, as I sat down and helped myself to a cigar from a proffered box."

"The College is an institution possessing a teaching staff of the highest artistic excellence. It gives the very best education, and, by the large number of its open and valuable scholarships, it attracts the best talent in the country."

"You are very keen on encouraging an English School of Opera, I believe?"

"Certainly. There is so much material in this country which only wants organisation to make its influence felt. If you consider, the awakened interest in music during the last fifty years is quite astonishing. The Hullah Classes, the Sacred Harmonic Society, the Monday Popular Concerts, the Crystal Palace Concerts, and, the greatest success of all, the Royal Choral Society's Concerts at the Albert Hall—merely to mention



GROUP OF MR. VISETTI'S PUPILS IN "LE ROI L'A DIT."  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANK DICKINS, SLOANE STREET, S.W.

a few instances of combinations having the study of good music for their aim—all these show that there is any amount of supply."

"But no demand?"

"On the contrary, the greatest possible demand on the part of the people; but it is not properly met. The failure of the English Opera House (now the Palace Theatre) was due to the fact that the prices of admission were never within the means of the people. Perhaps I cannot better illustrate my meaning than by referring you to the success of the Turner Opera Company last year at the Grand Theatre, Islington. The house was simply packed to the ceiling, and I never witnessed greater enthusiasm on the part of the people; but, then, bear in mind that the prices ranged from threepence upwards. A serious drawback in this country to advance in musical taste is that music, especially opera music, has to be purchased at almost a prohibitive price. Opera flourishes more abroad, and why? Because it is placed within the reach of the people."

"And are you satisfied with the means of giving a musical education in this country?"

"Undoubtedly! I think we can bear comparison with any foreign Conservatoire. Perhaps we show some weakness in the direction of not being sufficiently eclectic. The best in any school of composition should

strong advocate of transfusion of talent. Our singers and musicians over here are not sufficiently enterprising. They should take courage, and go abroad more than they do, and they would meet with quite unexpected successes, I am quite sure. Did you notice the splendid reception Ben Davies obtained in Berlin? At the first performance the audience was cold, but it was most enthusiastic on his second appearance. Marie Brema, again, was triumphant at Bayreuth, and Miss Davies secured brilliant audiences recently in Florence and Rome, whilst Miss Ethel Sharpe made herself a great favourite at Vienna. My advice, if you wish to make money by music, is, go abroad. The reason that the foreigner comes to London is to obtain the verdict of the critics. You don't suppose it was for money that Mottli, Siegfried Wagner, and others I could name came over here. It was the *cachet* of the critical musical world of the Metropolis that they came to gain."

"Now, what are the rarest voices, Mr. Visetti?"

"Unquestionably the pure soprano and the tenor. The sympathetic voice—the one with tears in it, as it is said—has always a great charm, too. It is a natural gift, and the teacher should not sacrifice it to power by over-training. Nature should be schooled not destroyed by art.

Then we fall to discussing the most correct method of voice-



MR. A. BONNIN (TRINITY) AS SHYLOCK.



MISS LOUISE PERCEVAL-CLARK AS JESSICA.

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE" AT OXFORD.

*Photographs by Messrs. Hills and Saunders, Oxford.*

be taught, from Gounod to Wagner, and the music of every civilised nationality should be made equally familiar to the pupil."

"You don't think that a great deal of the vaunted love of music is assumed? I remember sitting behind a lady at the Albert Hall who was diligently making believe that she was following the score of Berlioz's 'Faust,' while that of Gounod was in her hand. That's a fact."

"Well, of course, there are always silly people about; but I am quite sure that no more critical audiences can be found than those often at St. James's Hall. It is a more difficult audience to satisfy than any in the world. And no better readers of vocal music at sight can be found than in English choral societies. I have always been struck with that ability."

"How is it that oratorios are so little in vogue abroad?"

"England has been the cradle-land of sacred music. Probably Handel's long residence in this country may account for the fashion, and Mendelssohn having specially written an oratorio for one of the festivals may have encouraged the taste. I am afraid abroad they haven't the same patience to sit out an oratorio."

"Considering the number of musicians yearly turned out by the Royal College, what is your opinion of their chances of success in gaining a livelihood?"

"Real merit will always come to the front anywhere, but I am a

production, on which Mr. Visetti, with his many years' experience, is pre-eminently qualified to speak, especially as his pupils number quite one hundred and eighty-five annually.

One very commendable practice of the Royal College is to present to the public annually a different opera, which is performed at a *matinée*, usually. During this current year, Délibes' comic opera "Le Roi l'a Dit" was played at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, and its success would seem to have reached the Court, for on Feb. 26, by command, it was performed before the Queen and the Empress Frederick, and other members of the Royal Family, in the Waterloo Chamber at Windsor Castle. The dramatic company numbered fourteen persons. Of these, eight were Mr. Visetti's pupils.

T. H. L.

#### WHO IS MAX NORDAU?

Some discussion has arisen recently over the famous book on Degeneration by Max Nordau. It has been generally assumed that the author was writing under a *nom de guerre*. The accompanying note from him to a friend will show that the contrary is the case: "I see in some papers the absurd statement that Max Nordau is an assumed name. If this means a pseudonym or *nom de plume*, it is a falsehood. Max—exactly, Max Simon Nordau—is my legal name, and I have no right to bear another." In our next issue we shall publish a portrait of this remarkable author.

## FOOTBALL AT THE UNIVERSITIES.

*Photographs by Symmons and Thiele, Chancery Lane, W.C.*

A. G. Gibson.

A. R. Smith.

S. C. Hartley.

W. J. Carey.

R. C. Mullins.

G. Unwin.

E. R. Balfour.  
R. H. S. Baird.W. P. Ronaldson.  
F. A. Leslie-Jones.G. M. Carey.  
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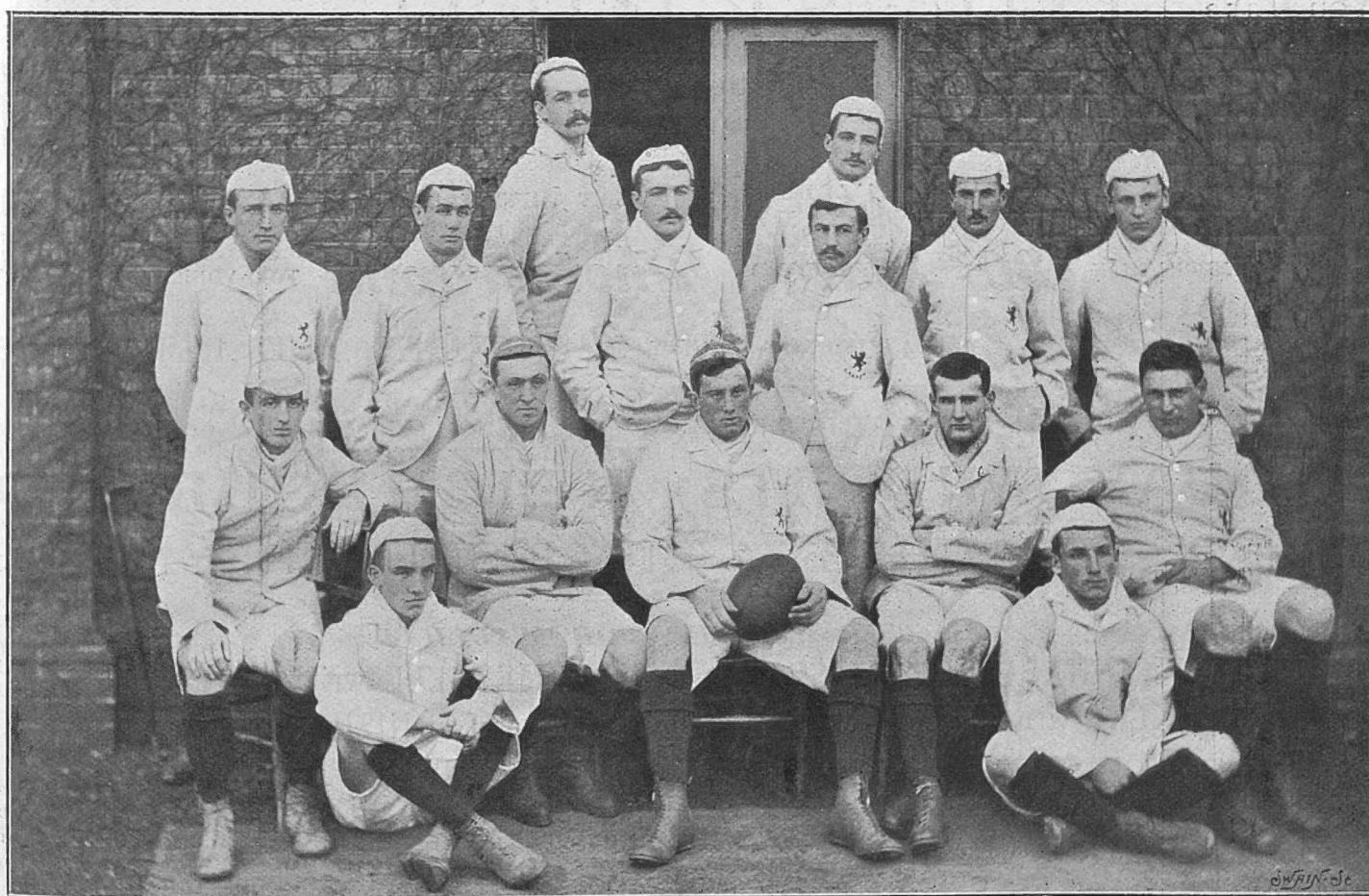
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R. Griffiths.

S. J. Lawry.  
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## CARMENCITA.

The disappointment was great. So long had I heard splendid rumours of Carmencita that I expected something astounding. At first I thought that she would be all that was hoped. She pranced down the stage with "mighty rushes of her loins," to quote Charles Reade from memory—the *cambrant les reins*, of Gautier, to English ears sounds better—her head was tossed back splendidly, the whole creature seemed the Andalusian, the being of insolent, supple beauty, with the majesty and grace of an unbroken horse. When the dance began her points were admirable—no arms could have more of the cunning grace of the serpent, no other wrists be so subtle and easy in movement—the neck and proudly poised head took their share, and the ankles had astounding freedom and life.

Unfortunately, after a few moments one was stupefied. Could it be the Spaniard rendered immortal by Sargent's picture who was rushing about all over the stage and pirouetting recklessly? It seemed impossible. One would have thought that a pupil of the Milan school was giving an Italian version of the Iberian dance. I don't believe that when Fanny Elssler introduced the cachucha to Londoners in "Le Diable Boiteux" she abandoned its character so utterly.

We have seen Otero and Candida, who, to the shame of London, pleased but the few, and many others of lesser glory from the land of liquorice and Cervantes. They were at a disadvantage in presenting their dances upon too great a stage, but never lost sight of its true character. You may take them all—fandango, bolero, cachucha, saraband, jota Arragonese, seguidilla, &c.—and underlying them find an Oriental basis. Trace it, if you will, to the influence of the Moors in Spain. The essential primary idea, whether emphasised in the *danse du ventre*—of which Saïda, of the *concert oriental*, is, or was, the greatest professor in Europe—or relaxed for purpose of concerted action, is the comparative absence of change of place.

This has given a definite turn to the technique, and colour to the school, and the compromise adopted by Carmencita, perhaps for the American market, is deplorable. It caused her method to lose passion and power, in order to gain easy grace and smoothness. Instead of the self-concentration that gave a disdainful air to the beauty of Otero and Candida, the famous Carmencita indulged in grimaces that reminded one of the simpering smile of the *prima ballerina assoluta*, which, in its turn, can only be likened to the wooden smirk of the Dutch doll.

I have another grudge against her—the costume. There is authority for white stockings in the lines—

Sa jambe, sous le bas de soie,  
Prend des lueurs de marbre blanc.

Yet the costume of silver-embroidered white satin is not so striking, characteristic, or becoming as the national black, red, and yellow. However, it was interesting in form, because its skirts, voluminous round the hips and hanging below the knees, probably represent the ballet costume of the celebrated Taglioni and Cerito era.

Nevertheless, I am glad that Carmencita has come. She may have fallen far short of my hope, yet one may say that the performer is greater than the performance. Much of her work is delightful in detail—certainly, it lies in her power to be wholly charming; and the dances, maimed as they are, seem strong, interesting, and invigorating compared with the efforts of the half-baked dancer that we generally see, or the work of the Italian school, which is dying, like Gothic architecture, from over-cultivation of technique.

CARMENCITA.



## WHAT A SPANISH DANCER OUGHT TO BE.

A Spanish dancer! How much significance lies in these few words to all who have seen one in her native land. To the man in the street the term has little or no special meaning. He connects it vaguely with castanets and black lace, he remembers that a man named Bizet once wrote an opera called "Carmen," that the story of the opera is laid in Spain; he shrugs his shoulders and passes on. Why should he endeavour to expand his understanding when Miss Lottie Limelight of the 'alls can supply him with all the dancing he requires, and a song as well? True it is that Miss Limelight's dancing may be bad enough to make Terpsichore turn in the classical dictionary, that the song may be inane.

That does not matter in the least; there is nothing to comprehend, everything is apparent, *voilà tout!*

\* But, to the man who has seen the Spanish girls dance, what choice visions does the expression "Spanish dancer" bring! It banishes the fog and mist of London, it reduces distance to a matter of no importance, it transports him to one of the most beautiful countries of the world. He is conscious of the charm of long, dreamy summer nights watched over by the glorious golden moon. He recalls the time of vintage, the ingathering of the grape harvest, the bright costumes of men and girls, and then, faint on the wind, blown from the regions of memory, comes the tinkle of the guitar. It rises louder and louder, broken here and there by click of castanets, and the weird Gipsy dance—common enough round Seville, but indescribable to a world of Puritans—is possibly performed before the mental vision. It brings some dream of a free life, devoid of care, thought, or labour; of life in a land where the earth yields her produce without demanding much of human labour, where conventionality is nothing but an ugly impossibility.

The national dances of which Carmencita is said to be an exponent are harmonies in curves, and consequently afford unrivalled facilities for natural posing. In warm climates the women are usually graceful,

hence the Spanish girl starts her work under favourable auspices. True it is that there are certain traditions to be observed, but great latitude is permitted to a graceful dancer—perhaps because the very nature of her exercise carries her away from conventionality to spontaneity. The art of dancing has been so cruelly misused in England of late that Spanish elegance may not, at first, appeal to people who have permitted the Serpentine abomination to find a home in their midst. Certainly Candida's dance at the Empire failed to please; but, then, it was of very moderate quality, and I doubt whether the average Spaniard would have received it as a compliment or an insult. The lady's manipulation of the castanets was the only point in her performance which seemed to be above criticism.

Your Spanish dancer is born, not made. She is born to love and to be loved, to dance her youth away without care or trouble. Her existence is a reproach to our seriousness, her gaiety is eternal. This year she has one form, two years hence she may have taken that of another girl; but the passionate fire that glows in the dance is ever the same. So long as she is in her own land unmolested, everything goes well. Perhaps she will work by day in the fields or the tobacco-factory, will labour for a small wage and spend it in tasteful finery. The awakening of the fiery side of her nature will come when she is very young, taking at first the form of indolence and languorous inactivity. Then, ripening under the hot sun, stirred by the ferocious pleasures of the *Plaza de Toros*, thrilled by the melody which ever surrounds her, she will become uncontrollable. The *joie de vivre* must find expression, and dancing shall be the medium. It has always

been a pleasure, now it is a delight. In the graceful measures of her native land she expresses the poetic instinct that is her heritage. There is but one thing to harm her, that is too much success.

Success will bring in its train all the horrors of civilisation. The agent will appear with his agreements, a débüt in Paris or London will follow. Then your dancing-girl becomes a star in the firmament of popular favour; she learns to be conventional; she essays singing. Slowly but surely the old charm of her movements dies away; the fire smoulders and goes out. This is not noticed at first, for her name is made; the public flocks to see her, and gloats over such of her indiscretions as may be public property. One day a new "star" rises to repeat the oft-told tale, and her elder rival disappears as suddenly as she arrived.

So has it been in the past, so will it be in the future. To bring the exotic of Spain to the hothouse of Paris or London is almost a hopeless task. Climate and temperament are alike against such a thing. The technical beauty may remain, but the native spirit does not travel. In the dances of their country Spaniards find a joy that poverty cannot steal or labour injure. Scanty meals and long hours are forgotten when the long shadows fall across the courtyard and Night approaches in all her grandeur. It is the hour for dance and song, for life, for liberty, and for love. What moments are these, pulsating with a joy earthly enough, no doubt, but divine in its rarity. The recollection of them comes back again, defying the London winter, even at the simple sound of the words, "a Spanish Dancer."

THEOCRITUS.

## A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

It is possible that before these lines are read, our Impatient Grandmamma, the State, may appoint a new Examiner of Plays, in the room of Mr. Pigott. There are reasons why the office should be left vacant, like the Laureateship, but I admit there is one excellent reason for filling it. To the official salary of three hundred pounds odd are attached comfortable possibilities in the shape of "fees," and, when a Committee is sitting on the Unemployed, it may strike many people as nothing less than a sin and a shame to throw away about eight hundred a-year. The late Examiner is said to have read, marked, and inwardly digested an average of ten plays a-day. Who can wonder that he was much appreciated as a diner-out? Many an unacted dramatist may console himself with the thought that he was a begetter, so to speak, of Mr. Pigott's admired conversation, and that his comic relief, though denied to the stage, has often helped the Censor to set the table on a roar.

An old college burlesque of Macaulay's "Horatius" comes to mind as I think of Mr. Pigott's labours—

Adolphus Smalls, of Boniface,  
By the nine gods he swore  
That, tho' he had been ploughed three times,  
He would be ploughed no more.

And his reward was—

As much as three Examiners  
Could plough from morn till night.

I can see Mr. Pigott ploughing his dramatists *ten per diem*; for are we not told that in his latter years he was much troubled by the tendencies of the British stage, that he had to remonstrate with young authors on their "poisonous and pestilent stuff," and that he described an incident in one play as "a nice excuse for our wives and daughters"? Think of this excellent old gentleman, with his classical studies and his "extensive knowledge of French literature" (poison and pestilence and all), saving our wives and daughters from the "nice excuses" of Parisian impropriety! A monument of Mr. Pigott, with this phrase in gold letters on the base, in the middle of the Strand, would be less than justice to his memory, if we did not also recall the pieces which were excused by the Censor, though they offered perfect nosegays of suggestive innuendo to the ladies in whose discretion he had so little faith.

Once upon a time there was a certain frivolous entertainment, in which the dialogue was so highly spiced that a noble lord, who had greatly enjoyed it, hit upon the happy idea of inviting the Lord Chamberlain and Mr. Pigott to spend a merry evening. He engaged a box, and arrived very early with his distinguished friends; but what was his astonishment when the whole piece went off without a laugh! "We thought you said this was funny!" remarked the visitors reproachfully. "Bless me!" replied the noble wag, greatly mystified, "so it was when I was here last!" The fact was that the occupants of the box had been recognised, and the word had gone round behind the scenes that certain embellishments were to be omitted on that occasion. So runs the anecdote, which is probably as true as most anecdotes; but it is a useful commentary on the familiar plea for the Censor that, when he made excuses, nice and otherwise, for theatrical amusements of the irrepressibly skittish class, he did not always know what sly advantage was taken of his benevolence.

Mr. William Archer pointed out long ago that a Censorship which shows this indulgence to frivolity, but tears its hair when a playwright broaches a serious subject, has a very precarious sustenance of logic. Suppose we had a Censorship of Literature, and it said to authors, "You may crack jokes about the relations of the sexes, but you must not discuss any problem that bears upon them." How long would that exquisite discrimination be endured? A more pertinent question still is this: If it is not necessary to have an Examiner of Newspapers, why an Examiner of Plays? It will not be pretended that the Stage exercises a tithe of the influence wielded by the Press. Why, then, does our Impatient Grandmamma appoint a Censor to look after the drama, and the errant fancies of our wives and daughters, when she leaves them to roam unchecked down the primrose paths of the law reports?

Still, I should like to see a new Examiner of Plays, for the sake of an interesting experiment. Let us have a reformer in that office—let us have Mr. Bernard Shaw. He has his own ideas about Grandmamma. She will be our Great-Great-Grandmother when the Fabians have remodelled society; but, as I cannot wait till that happy day, I want to

see G. B. S. at work as a Censor, digesting his ten plays diurnally, fish, fowl, and good red herring—I beg his vegetarian pardon!—carrots, parsnips, and cauliflowers. He would conduct the business on quite a new plan. I can imagine his first colloquy with the budding dramatist—

G. B. S. It is not worth while to examine your play till I know whether you understand the only true principles of dramatic effect.

B. D. Well, I have studied construction.

G. B. S. (*sharply*). Whose construction?

B. D. Pinero's.

G. B. S. Mrs. Tanqueray again! Nothing but doors, and French windows, and endless letters! If you had studied "Widowers' Houses," now, or "Arms and the Man"! Don't you remember Bluntschli coming in through the window, and hiding himself in the curtains? There was originality for you! And the window was not French—it was Bulgarian.

B. D. (*taking a note*). I shall remember it—Bulgarian window.

G. B. S. But these are details. Have you the root of the matter in you? Have you read "The Quintessence of Shaw," by Ibsen?

B. D. (*hiding confusion with note-book*). Well, no—I—

G. B. S. This is lamentable. Are you a Socialist?

B. D. Certainly not!

G. B. S. Then I will not trouble you to take the elastic band off your manuscript. A man cannot observe society unless he has learned economics; and, if he has learned economics, he must be a Fabian. And, unless he is a Fabian, he cannot write a play. If you had taken the trouble to read the preface to "Widowers' Houses," you would have spared me the necessity of giving you this elementary lecture.

B. D. (*bewildered*). But Pinero isn't a Socialist.

G. B. S. Mrs. Tanqueray again! That is why Pinero sees life with a conventional eye. If he were a Fabian he would never have given Paula a moment's regret for her lost innocence. She never had any. She was as profligate at three as at thirty-three. Don't you recollect that in "Widowers' Houses"—what a play it was!—the daughter of the slum landlord tries to strangle her maid? You may depend upon it that Paula was the child of a millionaire; and, with unearned increment in her blood, how could she ever have been innocent? Go home, young man, and study economics.

Art and poetry, says Max Nordau, in "Degeneration," must eventually disappear, and the world will amuse itself, I suppose, with scientific observation. But it is consoling to notice that science cannot get on without anecdote. Max Nordau gravely quotes a story which he says he has found in all the biographies of Mr. Oscar Wilde, to wit, that Mr. Wilde once walked down Piccadilly in doublet and breeches, with "a picturesque biretta hat" on his head and a sunflower in his hand. "I have never seen this denied," adds the German critic, who has evidently mistaken Mr. W. S. Gilbert for one of Mr. Wilde's biographers. We all remember who "walked down Piccadilly with a poppy or a lily in his mediaeval hand," and it is edifying to find this incident conveyed from "Patience" to a scientific treatise. There is not much danger that the imaginative faculty—Mr. Wilde calls it somewhere by another name—will decay when fiction goes masquerading as erudition, and supplies an argument to this tremendous pathologist who proves that everybody with a whimsical fantasy must be criminal or crazy. What a maggot was at work in the brain of Shakspere when he conceived Puck!

I wonder whether Mr. Andrew Lang's story of Stevenson slapping a Frenchman's face will cross the Channel and stir up the Chauvinists. Even here it takes away the breath of the peaceable islander. Stevenson was in a Paris café when he heard a native stigmatising the English as cowards. He slapped the face of the traducer, who said: "Monsieur, vous m'avez frappé." To which Stevenson blandly retorted, "À ce qu'il paraît." Yet there was no bloodshed! Stevenson's act reminds me of Aramis. It has just that airy deliberation which distinguished that immortal Musketeer; but in the case of Aramis it would have been followed by steel and sparks, and probably a surgeon. Has "degeneration" in Paris gone so far that the slapping of a Gaul by a Scot passes off with a pleasantry? I expect to hear that patriots are sitting day and night in cafés waiting for some Scotchman to repeat the blow. Not being Scotch, I cannot gratify them; but why does not Mr. Lang go over to Paris and inquire for M. Augustine Filon, and publicly slap *his* face? There is a good deal more provocation to that belligerent deed than Stevenson had; for M. Filon, who has been studying our ways, says that pretty women are rarely to be seen in England. Like Max Nordau, he is a scientific observer, and he informs us that Englishwomen are growing masculine, thus illustrating the fundamental principle of Darwin. This apparently means that, by a process of evolution, women in this country will eventually turn into men. The inevitable sequel is plain enough. England will then sue for annexation to France, and we shall marry Frenchwomen to carry on the stock. A pretty revenge for the British occupation of Egypt! Such an insult, first to our women, next to our patriotism, demands not one slap, but many; and it is high time the "braw laddie" who is to administer them was packing his kilt.

## SMALL TALK.

Since the arrival of the Court at Windsor there has been the usual steady flow of distinguished visitors to the Castle, and the Queen has been hard at work day after day. The mornings have been spent in getting through the arrears of correspondence with Sir Fleetwood Edwards and Colonel Bigge, while the afternoons have generally been given up to making various driving excursions in the neighbourhood. To the ordinary guest, a visit to Windsor Castle is a decidedly formal affair. The visitor arrives at the Castle in time to dress for dinner, and, as soon as he has donned the regulation full-dress, awaits the entrance of her Majesty in the Grand Corridor—the finest apartment, without exception, in the Castle, hung with a most interesting collection of pictures, and the walls lined on either side with cabinets containing a priceless collection of china. The contents of one of these cabinets have been valued by an excellent judge at £25,000. As the Queen passes through the corridor, on her way to the Oak Dining-room, she addresses a few words to each of her guests. At the conclusion of the meal, the visitors reassemble in the Corridor, and her Majesty again exchanges a remark or two with each of them before retiring to her private apartments. This is all the intercourse the ordinary visitor holds with his royal hostess, and the following morning he trips back to town, delighted to think that the whole thing is over.

The Queen intends to reside at Nice for nearly five weeks, and will then proceed to Germany for a stay of about eight days, returning to England by the Flushing and Sheerness route. The royal servants, carriages, and heavy luggage, and the Queen's bath-chair and its donkey, are to leave Windsor next week for Nice. All the plate, china, glass, and linen which will be used at the Grand Hôtel de Cimiez are being sent from Windsor, as well as the Queen's bedstead and the easy-chairs and footstools for her own sitting-room. The three rooms which the Queen is to occupy herself have been entirely re-decorated and re-papered. A large number of workmen are busily engaged making the requisite alterations in the hotel and grounds. A private telegraph-wire will be laid on to the hotel for her Majesty's use during her residence on the Riviera.

Since her Majesty established the practice of retiring from the Throne Room as soon as she had received the Corps Diplomatique and the *entrée* company, it has become the custom to grant the *entrée* to a few personages who are not on the permanent list on the occasion of a Drawing-Room. The applications for this privilege at the last Drawing-Rooms were enormously increased, with the result that most of them were refused by the Queen, who deals herself with the *entrée* lists. It is but right that Ambassadors, Cabinet Ministers, and distinguished personages who have held high official positions should have the *entrée*, as well as the large number of people to whom it has been granted by the Queen as a mark of favour, but it would be a pity that the privilege should be extended to the crowd of people who now seem to think that they have the right to apply for it. I hear that the Queen was annoyed at the large number of applications recently put forward for her consideration, and the officials have received a "strong hint" for their future guidance. Each man who has the *entrée* may bring in his wife and her unmarried daughters, so that, if this privilege were at all lavishly bestowed, there would be more people at a big function with the *entrée* than without it.

The attendance at the two first Drawing-Rooms has been much smaller than anticipated, and, with so many ladies holding back, it is quite certain that a large number will be excluded from the two Drawing-Rooms which are to be held in May, as only two hundred presentations are to be allowed at each of these functions, and special orders have been issued by her Majesty that this rule is to be strictly observed.

The Prince of Wales, whose departure for the Continent was delayed by what was euphemistically termed a severe cold, but which was, in reality, a mild touch of influenza, arrived at Cannes last week, and will remain on the Riviera until the beginning of April. The Princess will probably decide to remain at Sandringham during the Prince's absence, instead of going abroad to meet her widowed sister, as was originally intended.

The journalistic inspiration is commonly a harmless gas enough, which, when administered to the public in small doses, does no one much damage, and acts as *sauce piquante* to facts very agreeably. But, manufactured in reckless quantity, it is apt to bring disaster on the operator's devoted head, as in the case of that over-enlightened Danish editor who has just given the German Empress credit for an impossible expression of opinion, and is therefore about to be prosecuted for *lèse-majesté*. That the Empress could be quoted as apparently favouring the secession of Schleswig-Holstein to Denmark is too obviously absurd to treat it seriously. But, at the same time, this playing with Imperial opinions, even in the sacred quest of a sensation, trends a little too closely on the few remaining liberties of royalty to go quite unpunished.

From St. Petersburg I hear very romantic stories concerning the new Minister of Communications, Prince Khilkoff, who owes his office in no small degree to the Dowager Empress. The Prince is of an old but impoverished family, and, though formerly a royal page and officer in the Guards, was compelled to adopt engine-driving for a livelihood on the loss of his remaining estates. Travelling in the Crimea some years ago,

the Empress noticed one of her suite descend from the train and warmly embrace one of the drivers. Inquiring the cause, her Highness sent for Prince Khilkoff, on learning it was he, and invited him to tea in the Imperial saloon. From that time Khilkoff drove engines no more. His recent appointment gives much satisfaction, as, during a prolonged and painfully practical experience in America, the Prince gained a technical knowledge of railway systems which, it is believed, he will apply and improve on in the present primitive Russian arrangements.

One is slow to realise that a leper, afflicted with the most hopeless and horrible disease, can still enjoy life even to the extent of following a fox across country. Yet I am credibly informed by a Russian official that in the newly formed leper colony of Viliuisk, in Eastern Siberia, quite one-third of the hundred lepers provided for there are ardent sportsmen, and will take the field after boar or fox with all possible energy, while those in more advanced stages of this horror employ themselves in fishing. An occasional reminiscence of the time when every English town had its little knot of "afflicted" is still to be met with, as at Canterbury, where in the old church a lepers' "squint" can now be seen, by which the Mass could be followed through a slit in the wall by those who were not allowed to mix with the congregation. But "squints" notwithstanding, the importance of isolation was not understood in cases of this horrid complaint until very recently. And, at the present time, in India much unnecessary contagion occurs through native obtuseness in this matter.

Although the stage has had an almost undue amount of attention during the past few years, the best side of the profession has received but few promising recruits. The lighter stage favourites come and go, while your comedy artiste comes to stay, and the *raison d'être* of this lies out of the province of these few lines. They are written to welcome a young and clever actress, who is destined to win her way by dint of merit and hard work—qualifications which do not always go for what they are worth in Stageland. The annals of Miss Gregory's career are short and simple. Originally under the management of George Edwardes, she passed to the Criterion, and made progress in the light comedy for which the house at Piccadilly Circus is deservedly famous. For a time domestic cares claimed her attention, and then Miss Gregory appeared



Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.  
MISS NELLIE GREGORY.

in "Slaves of the Ring" at the Garrick Theatre. It was a small part, but she was in good company. Now she is among the fair ladies whose charms will do so much to save "An Artist's Model" at Daly's. Sooner or later she will return to the higher style of comedy, which will afford her a chance of distinction. Actresses who add honest enthusiasm to great personal charm are not so numerous that managers can afford to overlook Miss Nellie Gregory. Moreover, her stage experience is well supported by elocutionary power, and the time may, happily, soon arrive when clear enunciation will once more be reckoned an indispensable adjunct to the art of acting.

One of few really Bohemian institutions that I know is the Langham Sketching Club. Of course, there are sketching clubs all over the world, but in none is good-fellowship in art so perfectly realised. As I went to its annual show the other night with Dudley Hardy, he was speaking warmly of its Friday evenings, most of which he has attended for years past. "We tried an imitation of it," he said, "in Paris, in an upper room at Robinet's—of course, you know Robinet's, almost opposite the Gare Montparnasse. First night twelve of us came and worked, next week four men arrived, and then one turned up with a girl—he called her a 'lady student'—she didn't work. The following week five men came and four girls, and we danced. After that we gave it up. No; I just love the two hours' work at the given subject, and some stunning work is done that way; and I've sold a heap of my sketches there."

The exhibition is curious. Round the walls are the pick of the past year's sketches, many of them showing very great ability. Crowding the rooms are the artists and friends, and all the time a prodigious miscellaneous entertainment is given, while beer, whisky, bread, cheese, celery, and tobacco are consumed in prodigious quantities. A favoured few are allowed to go upstairs to a little den where soda-water is obtainable. Mr. Edward C. Clifford,

the secretary, took me round, and tried to make me pass, unnoticed, his clever little work, "Witchcraft." I missed the work of some men who have made a brave display when I have been there before—Dudley Hardy, T. B. Hardy, his father, "Billy" Pike, Cattermole, Sauber (who had eight or nine last year), F. W. Shephard, &c. However, there was admirable work by W. Monk, the librarian, including a striking glimpse of Cranbourne Street by W. A. Shakespeare, who designed the invitation card which I give here; G. C. Haité, R.B.A., the genial president; W. D. Almond, R.B.A., the curator; G. G. Kilburne, R.I., the treasurer; Shepperson, Gulick, Val Davis, E. Reed, R.B.A., and D. Green.

Lord Rosslyn has turned amateur actor, for he has just been figuring as George d'Alroy in a performance of "Caste," organised by Mr. and Mrs. W. James, of West Dean Park, on behalf of the Chichester Infirmary; and a creditable D'Alroy he made, too! Mrs. James was a vivacious Polly Eccles, and Miss Muriel Wilson, who is almost a débutante, played the part of Esther Eccles with great charm. Old Eccles himself found an excellent exponent in Mr. C. P. Colnighi, and Mr. Nugent, of Guards' burlesque fame, was very funny as Sam Gerridge. Mrs. Wilfrid Marshall, as the Marquise, was admirable; while Mr. Eustace Ponsonby looked Hawtree from head to foot. The same cast will play the piece to-night and to-morrow in the theatre of Chelsea Barracks, in aid of the Guards' Industrial Home, and later at Hull, and probably in Scotland.

One of the youngest and most enterprising amateur theatrical societies in London is the Marlowe Dramatic Club. In November it gave its first performance with Mr. C. S. Fawcett's farcical comedy "A Tragedy," and the other evening it produced Tom Taylor's "Helping Hands," preceded by the comedietta "Who's to Win Him?" The performance, which took place in the National Hall, Hornsey, was exceedingly good all round. Mr. Henry A. King presented a careful study of Lorentz Hartmann, and Miss Eleanor Birch was good as the daughter. As Shockey ("one of the Shoebblack Brigade") and Tilda, Mr. Harry E. King and Miss Edith Garthorne showed a keen sense of humour. The comedietta was cleverly played.

The Alhambra has at present, in addition to a beautiful ballet, one of the funniest comic-singers in London. I refer to T. E. Dunville. His songs are of the ordinary mother-in-law-eum-whisky blend, but his method of singing them is very droll. He is not beautiful, and does not seek to pose as an Adonis. On the contrary, he wears ill-fitting clothes which always seem to be laughing with him; he has apparently solved the problem of perpetual motion, and he laughs at his audience rather than with it. When I heard him last week, he sang a parody of a well-known sentimental song, and I was compelled to laugh until I almost fell from my seat. I learn from Douglas Cox, who attends to the front of the house, and attends to it well, that there will shortly be seen a new entrance in Charing Cross Road, for the benefit of sojourners in the

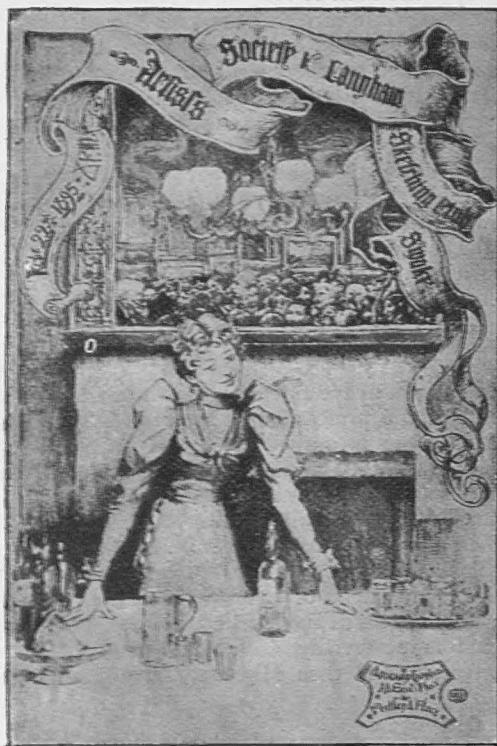
stalls and boxes. The spirited policy of the Alhambra, during the past few months, is meeting with due reward, although the frost and influenza have spelt ruin to much theatrical enterprise.

The Concert- and Drawing-rooms are already considerably indebted to Tito Mattei, but the most sanguine of us never ventured to hope that he would give the serio-comics of the Halls the benefit of his gifts. None the less has the unexpected come to pass, and, at the present moment, Clara Wieland is singing a song composed by Mr. Mattei, with words by Weatherly, published by Messrs. Chappell. Moreover, author and composer have gone half-way to meet the public taste, and in "The Woman Up-to-Date" we have a happy combination of witty words and sparkling melody. Miss Wieland sang it to us for the first time on the night of Carmencita's appearance at the Palace Theatre, and, although the alleged Spanish dancing had left us in a very enfeebled condition, I may safely say that my brethren of the pen seemed to appreciate the welcome change from vapid words and hurdy-gurdy music. If I were called upon to be critical, I would suggest that her method was a thought too Continental—seeing the song is so thoroughly English—and that the orchestration was a trifle too heavy. But, as Mr. Mattei was among the audience, these slight blemishes will probably have disappeared ere now.

In any case, I find a great significance in this apparently simple event. When a musician of first-class abilities writes for the music-hall stage he does a great service to his own art. Have we not suffered from worse epidemics than the influenza—epidemics of "Ta-Ra &c.," "Dysey Bell," and "After the Ball"? At the very worst, influenza can but kill us; the other plagues can dull our musical susceptibilities and render us unfit to live. I conscientiously believe that the average patron of the Halls will accept and be grateful for good musical fare if it be placed before him; but while the average music-hall song remains, what chance exists for the artistic salvation of the public? I hope to see Mr. Mattei's excellent example followed by many musicians of equal ability. The monotony of our variety entertainments cries aloud for attention: we ask for good songs that are neither operatic excerpts nor worn-out ditties of "Home, Sweet Home" type. These cannot last for ever; in fact, they have lived too long. The conduct of one of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's latest creations, who ran away from his kingdom to avoid the National Anthem, is already imitated by some of us who can no longer endure the time-tried songs that are nowadays relied on to serve for the coveted encore. Unless I am much mistaken, the new departure will be beneficial to everybody concerned.

The Boys' Home at Regent's Park is in luck's way. It had an excellent concert given for its benefit a few nights ago by Miss Edith Farries, who is coming rapidly to the front as a vocalist and a composer. Thanks to Nature's kindly consideration, I was able to help in filling the hall, and found much of the performance of more than average excellence. My native dulness and lack of comprehension left me unable to appreciate much that was, I believe, humorous, but the songs sung by Miss Farries and the pianoforte solos by Miss Jeannette Moore atoned for everything. Miss Moore, who is a "gold medallist" of the London Academy of Music, plays with a feeling and expression that is notoriously lacking in many favoured students of that institution. Miss Edith Farries, who likewise took high honours from the same place, has a well-trained voice and is the composer of some charming songs.

The soprano *prima donna* of "Dandy Dick Whittington," at the Avenue, is Miss Ethel Haydon. She was born nineteen years ago, in Victoria, but she does not call herself an Australian—although she has won for herself the name of the "Melbourne Ingénue"—because both her parents are English. Her father is a well-known man in sporting circles in Melbourne—indeed, throughout Australia—for he is the Secretary of the Sandown Racing Club in Melbourne, and, besides, he is a journalist of considerable reputation. Some of our older playgoers may remember her mother, Miss Howard, on the London boards, especially as Mr. Henry Russell wrote a song specially to suit her very sympathetic voice, which has been inherited by her daughter. Miss Ethel Haydon came out three years ago as an amateur, but the impression she made was so significant as to immediately attract the attention of Messrs. Williamson and Musgrave, who persuaded her to sign for an engagement. She made her first appearance as Millie in "On 'Change," and afterwards played the part of Sweet Lavender, and represented the Queen of Flowers at the next pantomime-season. In the spring, she created a great sensation in Sydney as Esther in "Joe," as well as playing in "The Grasshopper." Miss Haydon made an extended tour throughout Australia with Mr. Garner's company, when her vocal talents were as often as possible called into requisition, and proved such an attractive feature that songs were especially written to fit her parts. Miss Haydon played Belinda in "Our Boys," Kitty Wobbler in "A Blow for a Blow," Florence in "Lost in London," also good parts in "Friends," "The Cabinet Minister," "East Lynne," and in "Turn of the Tide." When she returned to Melbourne, a public subscription was started to defray the expenses of her vocal education. Before starting for the home-country, Miss Haydon had many pressing offers of engagements from her first managers, and from Messrs. Brough and Boucicault, to play in comedy, but to London she would go. Miss Haydon is not tall, but she possesses a very *chic* figure, while she is exceedingly pretty. Her voice is most sympathetic and pleasing. She neither dances nor dyes her hair.





MISS ETHEL HAYDON, OF THE AVENUE THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

A clever specimen of flash-light photography was that of the dinner of the Brighton Naval Volunteer Cruising Club, taken by Messrs. Fry, of Brighton, without the smallest interruption of the proceedings. The club has been formed out of the disbanded Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers. Lord Sheffield is President, and Mr. A. H. Fry is Commodore of the club, which numbers two hundred members, and meets in an arch beneath the King's Road. The club is hopeful that the Naval Volunteers may be called into existence again.

I have read in the columns of the *Times*, with much interest, a long advertisement of a certain unparalleled atlas issued from Printing House Square. Wonderful as the atlas is, the advertisement is still more marvellous. Indeed, I have seen nothing like it, except the pathetic idylls usually associated with the virtues of a certain oil with a saintly name, and of a certain syrup which has a motherly renown. I congratulate the *Times* on the thoroughness with which it has adopted modern methods of commendation. This step is coincident with a gracious acknowledgment in a leading article of the existence of the *Daily Chronicle*, which, as most people know, is publishing an unexampled

Collings. Evidently it is high time that Mr. Chamberlain's party started a caricaturist in the House of Commons. The front Opposition Bench, too, ought to have a champion to hurl these pictorial pellets at the foe. In time the cumbrous system of Parliamentary warfare by speech will give place to the artillery of the pencil. A Minister will introduce a Bill in a series of pictures, and the other side will reply with a sharp fire of derisive cartoons. This plan would be a good deal more interesting than the dreary oratory which consumes the Parliamentary hours.

Some months ago there was exhibited, in a shop-window in Bond Street, the model of the gate of the New Jerusalem. The gate was of pearl, and the towers and a section of the wall were of solid gold, studded with gems, which suggested the "jewel-huckster's heaven," as Mr. John Davidson calls it somewhere. I wondered, at the time, whether anybody would be eager to possess this portent, which seems to have become the property of the ambitious Mr. Tasker to whom the Law Courts have given renown. It would be interesting to know whether religious sentiment inspired the purchase. There is a tale in Maupassant of a gentleman who, to please his lady-love, pretended to



DINNER OF THE BRIGHTON NAVAL VOLUNTEER CRUISING CLUB.

FROM AN INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. W. AND A. H. FRY, BRIGHTON.

dictionary in parts. A picture of the Printing House Square atlas falling into the arms of the Salisbury Square dictionary would make an affecting allegory of the Millennium.

How South Africa progresses! A sixpenny trade journal, called *Machinery*, has just been published in Johannesburg. The *Lagos Standard* has started a missing-word competition and a five-shilling prize weekly to "the first person who spots five mistakes in grammar or spelling in the literary pages of the paper."

The new editor of *Black and White*, Mr. J. N. Dunn, has had a varied career in journalism. Mr. Dunn, who is a Scot, drifted from law into letters nearly twenty years ago, and learned all that can be learned in the craft of daily journalism, notably on the *Scotsman*. That he left to become a sort of pre-original member of Mr. Henley's "young men"—and what brilliant men they were!—on the *National Observer*. Then he changed capitals, coming to London to be news editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The new step he has taken brings him into illustrated journalism, and I feel sure he will soon put himself in keen touch with the multifarious aspects of this branch of his profession.

There have been many inquiries as to the nature of the picture with which Sir Frank Lockwood delighted his colleagues on the Treasury Bench after Mr. Chamberlain's mysterious disappearance from the Division Lobby. This work of art, I understand, represented a door at which a dog wagged a faithful tail, and underneath ran the legend, "Found at Last." This dog bore a certain resemblance to Mr. Jesse

have stolen a relic from Cologne Cathedral—no less a relic than a fragment of one of the eleven thousand virgins massacred by the heathen in that ancient city. As a matter of fact, the relic was only a piece of a mutton-bone, which was not good enough for the lady. I suppose the New Jerusalem in Britannia metal would not have been good enough for Mr. Tasker.

Mr. Augustus Willis writes me from Stoke Newington to say that the late Mr. Frederick Willis was not the last of the Willises, "as I am the oldest grandson—now in my sixty-ninth year—of the original Willis, of the Old Thatched House, St. James's Street, and Willis's Rooms, King Street, St. James's."

It is not often that the famous Florentine Academy Della Crusca confers the honour of a Corresponding Membership upon a non-Italian, a dignity it has lately bestowed upon the Hon. William Warren Vernon, the bearer of a name indissolubly associated with the study of Dante. The Academy Della Crusca (*anglicé*, of the *sieve*) was founded about 1582 by a few seceders from the Academy of Florence, among whom was Leonardo Salviati, editor of one of the revised versions of the "Decameron." Early in its career the new critical body became involved in an acrid and not altogether creditable controversy concerning the respective merits of Tasso and Ariosto. Some time later, in 1612, to be precise, the Academy Della Crusca compiled the dictionary, which, in its way, may be ranked with the work of the great lexicographer, inasmuch as all authors quoted therein were henceforth regarded as standard Italian classics. It has passed through very many editions.

Last summer, in the little village of Ferring, near Worthing, a shoemaker named John Moore and his wife celebrated the seventieth anniversary of their wedding-day. The husband has just died. He was born in 1804, and was married to Jane Stallard in 1824. They had thirteen children, the eldest, who is in the service of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, at Balham, being sixty-nine years



of age. The old man, in his youth, had taken part in the wild smuggling exploits on the Sussex coast. He and his wife had lived at Ferring all their lives.

If any member of the Liberal Party outside the House of Commons deserves a safe seat, it is Mr. Corrie Grant, who has just been selected to succeed Mr. H. P. Cobb, M.P., on his retirement from the representation of the Rugby Division. Mr. Corrie Grant has been a very doughty champion at two elections, when he fought pluckily, but unsuccessfully. At Woodstock he opposed Lord Randolph Churchill under exciting conditions, and paved the way for Mr. G. R. Benson's victory in 1892; and he stood against Mr. Chamberlain in West Birmingham at the last General Election. Mr. Grant has helped at countless bye-elections with his cheery optimism and his witty speeches. I have seen dull faces of yokels in some out-of-the-way school-room fairly illuminated with smiles as the young barrister took them into his confidence with winning skill and sympathy. Mr. Corrie Grant has been a journalist in his time—was once, I believe, on the *Daily News*. He has appeared in several important cases—notably, the J. H. Wilson case, in which he was associated with the present Lord Coleridge. There is nothing, however, about his face to suggest long hours in unhealthy courts, or the strain of rushing about England to political meetings. On the contrary, he looks a good sample of an athlete, and, as such, he ought to be favourably regarded at Rugby of all places.

Whether that scourge, the influenza, is as prevalent as some of our contemporaries would have us believe, it is difficult to say; but that illness of some sort abounds is a most undoubted and disagreeable fact. A City friend of mine tells me that, at a well-known restaurant in that district, at least half the familiar faces are absent at the luncheon-hour; and I can bear similar testimony with regard to one, at the west end of the town, usually crowded with actors, artists, and journalists. Some of the public offices are sadly depleted, and, I believe, at the Bank of England the absentees were not far short of a hundred. As to one's own home-experiences, what with no water, no gas, and plenty of influenza, they are appalling; but they are hardly interesting to the general public, however much so they may be to myself. Of course, I except the compiler of columns in a certain Sunday paper, whose most trivial woes appear to make acceptable "copy."

No one, I think, who was brought into personal contact with the late Examiner of Plays could be otherwise than favourably impressed with that most courteous and accomplished gentleman—not even those dramatists and managers whose intentions he nipped in the bud in the discharge of his duties. I know that his refusal was, at any rate, on some occasions, accompanied by such sympathetic and appreciative comments that the memory of the jam lingered in the mind of the patient long after the powder had been swallowed. It will not be an

easy task to appoint a successor to Mr. Pigott. The post of Examiner of Plays is in the Lord Chamberlain's department, and the Examiner is, therefore, a member of the Royal Household. The salary is, nominally, £320 a year, but a handsome addition is made in the shape of fees, which, I understand, are levied at the rate of about a guinea for each act of a play submitted to this official. The rate in some cases cannot, I think, be considered too liberal. The appointment, of course, rests entirely with the Queen, who is doubtless guided in her choice not only by the Lord Chamberlain, but by those literary men whom she honours with her friendship. I believe that Sir Theodore Martin had a good deal to do with the appointment of the late Examiner.

Another death which I regret to have to record in this column is that of Mr. Ewan Christian, the well-known architect, whose latest important work, the National Portrait Gallery, now nears completion. In this building Mr. Christian took the keenest interest, and I remember his telling me, some years ago, how difficult was the task that had been set him in designing it—the difficulty of harmonising his new work with the National Gallery, to which it is an adjunct, and, at the same time, building galleries worthy of the fine collection to be housed there. In these respects, I was led to suppose that Mr. Christian was satisfied with his efforts, and that satisfaction was shared by Sir George Sharp, who will rule over the new domain. It is interesting to recall that, among other difficulties with which Mr. Christian had to contend, was one connected with the building of the foundations. A plague-pit of the seventeenth century was unearthed, and the bones had to be removed, and were, for a time, laid to rest in the cellars of a public-house hard by. Mr. Christian had reached the venerable age of eighty, but his hale and fresh appearance would have led one to believe that he was at least a decade younger.

The late Mr. J. W. Hulke, President of the Royal College of Surgeons, was by no means an old man—he was born in 1830—but he had witnessed a scene that perhaps no other living person saw, for he was in attendance on the Iron Duke during his fatal illness in 1852. A striking



Reproduced from the page Illustration of the "Illustrated London News," Nov. 13, 1852.

picture of the scene, from the pencil of Sir John Gilbert, appeared in the *Illustrated London News* at the time, and is here reproduced on a small scale, together with the letterpress printed beneath the picture—

When the Duke had been suffering some hours, it was evident that the last sad scene was approaching. Lady Charles Wellesley was led into the room. Overcome with emotion, she fell on her knees, and after a little while was led out by Lord Charles. Shortly afterwards the Duke breathed his last. Around the form of the hero his attendants had wrapped a blanket, and placed a pillow on his knees. The persons present at the moment selected by the artist for this historical picture were Lord and Lady Charles Wellesley, Dr. McArthur, Mr. Hulke (the apothecary) and his son, Mr. Kendal (the valet), and the butler, the accuracy of the portraits having been greatly assisted by the Daguerreotype.

The two Hulkes are shown at each side of the illustrious patient's chair. The father was a famous surgeon in Deal, where the family had been settled for several generations. Mr. Hulke served in the Crimea. Appointed President of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1893, he is the only President who has died in office since 1821.

Apropos of the *Illustrated London News*, the files of which I love to wander through now and then, I find in the issue for Feb. 3, 1844, an item of very great interest. Mr. Pinero had been anticipated in his choice of the title, "The Profligate," as the name of a play. In the number just cited is chronicled the production, at the Olympic Theatre, of a melodrama by Leman Rede, also called "The Profligate." The title-character is a Viscount Ormonde, who, having abandoned his wife, and eloped with another woman, eventually rescues from bandits his unknown

child, who had, under a foreign name, achieved distinction as a *prima donna* at an Italian opera-house. In the cast of this piece, which, of course, had neither the literary merits nor the moral significance of Mr. Pinero's fine drama, were included Mr. J. Webster as the Profligate, Miss Lebute, Mr. Fenton, and Mr. Wild. It obtained a decided success on the night of production.

Farther on in the same half-year's volume, I noted in the advertisement columns the announcement of the removal of a glaciarium of artificial ice to an "elegant place of amusement, completed at an immense outlay, at Grafton Street, Tottenham Court Road, near the London University."

This also has topical interest at the present day, when smart people are flocking to "Niagara." And, curiously enough, I have just come across a bill of this place, the reproduction of which I am sure will interest Niagarites.

I am reluctantly compelled to enter my serious protest against Chancery Lane. Perhaps it is as well-meaning a thoroughfare as any in London, but, none the less, it takes the anathema for extreme dirtiness. In this happy land, where "the rain it raineth every day," pedestrianism is always dangerous, while he who will walk down Chancery Lane after a shower deserves the Victoria Cross, or a gratis wash and brush-up. The road is narrow, one pathway has not half the breadth of a comedian's joke, traffic is heavy, and the mud is exceedingly unsavoury. There is no escape for the amateur who walks down Chancery Lane on a muddy day. The people who carry on business and other things in its precincts will always give an amateur the outside edge, buses ugly and awkward will send a shower of mud all over him, cabs will follow suit and overcoat as well. By the time the traveller has reached Holborn or Fleet Street, Sherlock Holmes would not recognise him. Chancery Lane ought to be widened, or swept away—by morning, noon, and night. Why does not the County Council see to this? Let a candidate come forward with a scheme for the abolition or improvement of this place, and the amateur pedestrians would rally round him to a man. Meanwhile, I should like Mr. John Davidson, of "Random Itinerary" fame, to do a random stroll through this place on a wet afternoon. What a change we should note in his style!

History repeats itself, for one must look on the boom in Scots—the invasion of the Scots novelist, from poor Stevenson downwards—as a nineteenth-century form of the forays which the hungry Scot used to make into the rich lands of the Saxon. The craze has gone further, for now we have Mr. Bram Stoker, who is an Irishman, writing a story ("Watter's Mou," in the "Acme Library") delineating Aberdeenshire fisher-life, although he had a precedent in "Christie Johnstone," in which Charles Reade essayed a similar subject, and with wonderful success. Of course, "Watter's Mou" is not so difficult to understand as the classic story of Aberdeenshire—to wit, the late Dr. Alexander's "Johnny Gibb of Gusketneuk." It is a masterpiece in its way, but very little known beyond Scotland, for scarcely anyone but a Scot, and that, too, a Northern Scot, could plough his way through it with any sort of pleasure, except on the principle that the schoolboy reads his Cicero or his Xenophon—by means of a key. The later writers, Barrie, Ian Maclaren, and Crockett, are more or less plain sailing. And yet they would seem to need expositors, for Mr. Fisher Unwin has issued glossaries to "The Stickit Minister," "The Raiders," and "The Lilac Sunbonnet." It seems to me that—

When story-readers have to ask  
Of words and phraseology  
The meaning, I should call the task  
Not fiction but philology.

We have recently had Scots on the stage, in "The Professor's Love-Story," and we have dramatists giving their characters Scots names. In "A Leader of Men" and in "A Gaiety Girl" (who is often a leader of men), we have gentlemen of the name of Farquhar. A Scots friend of mine, on the first night of the latter play, criticised severely what seemed to his ear the grotesque pronunciation of the name "Farquhar." In Scotland it is pronounced as if spelled "Farchar." Here, we can get no nearer the sound than "Farkwar." A similar example is the name "Forbes," pronounced by the Scot phonetically "Forbés," not "Fo'b's." Since Scots is so very much in vogue (on this side of the Border, at any rate, for in Scotland the classes are dying to Anglicise their native speech), my friend submits this ditty in Doric—why should we not have Scots verse too?—for the behoof of my readers—

What maks the Scotsman's story-buiks,  
That breathe the heather, whins, and stooks,  
Sae welcome at your ingle-neukis?  
I dinna ken.  
And yet they're playing drakes and dukes  
Wi' Englishmen.

I needna say it's a' the craze  
To daundar on Drunntochty's braes  
(Whaur puir auld Domsie spent his days  
In teachin' sums).  
And ilk a body's bound to praise  
The toon o' Thrums.

Aince maids (at thirty-an and six)  
Had names like Rose or Beatrix;  
But Baubie, Kirsty, Jean, noo licks  
Your Flo or Di.  
What eese are they for biggin' ricks  
Or milkin' kye?

Your heroes' names hae changed, it seems,  
Frae Aubrey, Guy, or John-a-Dreams,  
To Au'ra, Dauvit, Jock, or Jeems,  
Or Rab, or Tam—  
Douce lads, that kenn o' the streams  
O' Thames or Cam.

I sometimes think a Lowlan' chiel  
Maun gey an' often come to feel  
Hoo hard it is to read a reel  
O' gweed braid Scots.  
He'd hae to gang again to skweel  
To louse the knots.

For instance, he maun learn, puir stock,  
That barter signifies to trock;  
And that he maunna yoke, but yock;  
A horse or meer.  
He'll hae to ca' a timepiece, knock;  
For ask, say spier.

It needs a lad that isna blate  
To read sic tales and gang the gait  
O' fouk that maun be up to date.  
If nae a Scot,  
He'll hae to be, at ony rate,  
A polyglot.

During the frozen state of the river an ice sailing-yacht was in daily use on the Thames over the Henley Regatta course. The boat, which was built by Mr. T. Shepherd, Henley-on-Thames, after designs of a Canadian ice-boat, covered the full Regatta course (one mile and a quarter), when under full sail, in 2 min. 40 sec., which is at the rate of nearly twenty-five miles an hour.

We do not get much practice in the gentle art of curling so far south, as a rule. But some capital games were possible at Wimbledon before the complete dissolution of Jack Frost. And one of the best "bonspiels" it has been my fortune to join in so far was that against picked members of the Wimbledon Club, though 'tis I as says it. We had four opponents worthy of all praise in Lord Tweedmouth, the Duke of Roxburghe, and the Marquises of Huntly and Breadalbane. Each side scored twenty-one points, after which a draw was declared because of the failing daylight.



Photo by Marsh Brothers, Henley-on-Thames.

AN ICE-BOAT ON THE THAMES.

## JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

## XXXV.—MR. OLIVER A. FRY AND "VANITY FAIR."

To be sold for sixpence with a copy of *Vanity Fair* is the ambition of not a few among those who are described vulgarly as "celebrities of the day." And this is a large proof of a common unselfishness not generally accredited to miserable humanity. "Painters and poets," says Horace, "have equal licence in regard to everything." Certainly, they have considerable licence in the columns of the oldest Society paper; and we who are not of the chosen rejoice secretly because our friends are buckled to the stocks of the caricaturist. By which buckling, and by the help of smart writing, has this rightly honoured journal attained to the chief seat of reputation, and has become an opening which, together with the Family Bible and Madame Tussaud's, all right-minded men would like to fill. "At pulchrum est digito monstrari et dici hic est."

Now the beginning of *Vanity Fair* was this. There was an artist of Capua, by name Carlo Pellegrini, and a journalist of this city, by name Thomas Gibson Bowles, whom the populace preferred to style "Tommy." And in the appointed hour these men met at the house of Mr. Charles Waring, M.P., and there was good talk concerning the founding of a news-sheet differing from all news-sheets then in existence. The idea was the idea of him the people styled "Tommy," but the art was the art of Carlo Pellegrini, then newly come from Italy and the trenches of Volturno. Said the journalist, on the one part, "I will have my own paper, because the *Morning Post* will not print my leaders as I write them"; said the caricaturist, on the other part, "Pourquoi n'y mettez vous pas des caricatures?" The notion was a happy one. The young Republican whose pencil was soon to stir all London had, until that time, scarce earned ten guineas by his labour. His bed had been a bench in the streets; his best work had gone to the proprietors of music-halls, who rewarded him with free passes. But the flood was at hand, and he was quick to rise with it.

The first number of *Vanity Fair* was published on Nov. 7, 1868. Its vigorous English and lively satire fell flat before a people that cares nothing for English and will not pay for satire. On Jan. 30, 1869, however, fame came by leaps, for in this number the first of the cartoons signed "Ape" appealed to the fancy of the town, and stormed it. The subject was Lord Beaconsfield; the artist was Carlo Pellegrini. Few, indeed, have not seen this picture and wondered at it, and at the new art it revealed to Englishmen. A simple sketch, the portrait of a remarkable man in a remarkable pair of boots—the town was quick to point the finger, and say, "It is he." And the town bought *Vanity Fair* by the thousand, and the name of Thomas Gibson Bowles was written in the Libro d'Oro.

Henceforth, *Vanity Fair* was a feature among the newspapers. From the first it strove for pure English and undefiling libels; it was quick to discern genius in the arm-chair, and there to caricature it. Subject after subject passed before "Ape," and went to the everlasting doom of his pencil. The infinite quality of the man, his amazing power of carrying faces in his mind, the perfection of his portraiture, and his subtle humour did not fail him to the end. Many years before he had ceased to sketch, other cartoonists arose and came to years of discretion; few of them had anything of his manner or his indefinable power. As a humorist he stood alone; "Ape" was *Vanity Fair*, *Vanity Fair* was "Ape."

It was in these early days of the redoubtable Society paper that a wag said of it, "Fill *Vanity Fair* with extracts from the Prophets, and it will not be a loss." That witticism would not be true to-day. With age, a change came over the spirit of the journal. Mr. Leslie Ward succeeded to the chair of "Pelican," and has filled it

with profit for many years. He, perhaps, of all artists practising in the school of caricature best wears the mantle of the dead Pellegrini. His style is refined, his portraiture is excellent; but it is not always caricature. His largeness of heart leads him too often to spare the victim and to spoil the child—his own work, to wit. Yet his best enemy will admit that he has been a strong arm to the paper, one of the best of its many able pilgrims. And now, when Mr. Bowles no longer reaps the profit of the wares which the company offer, Mr. Ward works under the guiding inspiration of Mr. Oliver A. Fry, one of the brightest and most able editors in all the sanctums.

*Vanity Fair* was sold in the year 1889 to the late Arthur Evans. In the same year Mr. Fry became its editor. He had long stood at "Tommy's" right hand to keep him on the lee side of libels. He had contributed many admirable leaders to the journal. But now we find him in the very thick of the fray, battling single-handed with the multifarious duties of his office, disdaining the assistance of a sub-editor, content to reign alone in a position of hard work and of responsibility. And for more than seven years he has gossiped of people who are

people, and of people who are not people—and has never had a writ left upon his desk. This colossal achievement is in itself a sufficient *testamur* to his merits; but, beyond the fact that he has kept *Vanity Fair* out of the Law Courts, there is the other fact that he has compelled people to read the contents of the journal, to sample the literary wares which he takes so many pains to accumulate. This may be set down to his own common sense, which is notable, and to his judgment, which is admirable in most things literary. Possessing in a large degree the rare gift of restraint, a scholar of no mean repute, a fine athlete, he can yet give his mind successfully to the propagation of rhetorical thunders and of society persiflage, to the writing of staid and most readable leaders, and to that watchful labour which is required to spell the names of all the duchesses, and even of the mere knights, without blunder.

Mr. Fry is the son of the late Rev. Henry Fry, D.D., of Hobart. He came to England when he was five years old, and was educated at Magdalen College School, and subsequently at St. John's College, Oxford. Determining to get the most out of 'Varsity life, he declined the honours which mere scholarship offered him—though he had much Latin and Greek at Oxford—and patronised all forms and conditions of athletics. During four years, he played "footer" in a college team which numbered five blues; he rowed in his Torpid, and

Photo by E. Passingham, Brighton.

MR. O. A. FRY.

gathered a little harvest of pots on the running-path. His energy always was amazing—it is amazing to this day. His habits were always regular—they are regular now, for he goes to bed at dawn and rises at sunset. And the men of his college declared early that his future was not behind him—and were prophets.

The University having declared him learned enough to wear a bachelor's hood, Mr. Fry thought that he might impart some of his newly gotten knowledge to the rising generation. Like Johnson, in another place, he gave the rudiments of Latin and Greek grammar, and the deeper mysteries of classical authors, to a number of pupils, counting among them certain youths of Siam who subsequently had eminence thrust upon them. Most of these Princes possess unpronounceable names, but among them was Nai Pleng, now Attorney-General, and Nai Sai, whose after-achievements are notorious. To this business of coaching "pups," Mr. Fry joined that of lecturing, of reading for the Bar, and of writing for all those papers which returned his manuscripts. By the consumption of dinners he became a barrister; and, while literature had then got him in her grip, his legal mind has never left him, and he is the most difficult man in all London to argue with to-day.

In these early days of struggle he made many friends. One of them was Dr. Stubbs, now Dean of Ely. When the dean, as Vicar of Granborough, took pupils, he owed much to the zealous service of his assistant



classical master, Mr. Fry. A few years later this same assistant was writing for half-a-dozen papers in London—sound Conservative leaders for a morning journal, flippant paragraphs for a halfpenny sheet, commercial articles, society articles, articles of all forms and shapes and varieties. Some of these went to *Vanity Fair*, and attracted the notice of the present Member for King's Lynn. The writer was asked to join the staff. At a later date he was installed as Lord of the Libels, and, as we have seen, the first work of a new proprietor was to make him editor.

*Vanity Fair* is not an easy paper to run. All the world goes there with its troubles, with its spites, its vanities, its Hard Cases—most of them not fit for publication. Did the chief omit a vowel from the name of a duchess, there would be a revolt; the same vowel lacking to the name of a knight would mean revolution. Such people must be controlled by the firm hand of the editor. There must be no tattle of which he has not the details, no secret marriage of which he has not the certificate, no *chroniques scandaleuses* which he does not know all about. The mighty affairs of the national welfare, the equally mighty affairs of the Court and its pantry, need his attention. His path is speckled o'er with the phantoms of writs; lawyers' letters hedge him about at every turn. He must be an arch-enemy to the slipshod in style, the unsparing foe of the rogue and the vagabond. He must discover at least one fraudulent parson a month, and two European sensations. He must say what he thinks, and think what he says.

All this Mr. Oliver A. Fry does to perfection. His great social popularity, his personal and assertive force, his modesty, his exceeding good-fellowship, are his weapons of success. He is a man who can befriend, a man who can hate, a strong man in many spheres, but one who never ventures beyond the wide limits of his own knowledge. His capacity for hard work is appalling, his energy untamable; and for six years he has alone steered his paper through the mazes of the social world, and no man has dared to bring him before the Cadi.

A few years ago they wanted to make him a judge at Siam. He declined to go to the hacking of heads and the carpets of injustice. He preferred the editorial chair—*voilà l'homme!*

M. P.

## BULLIER.

Bullier is going. It is to be shut up, pulled down, and effectually wiped out. When all that is done, and another area has been handed over to the speculative builder, the oldest of the Paris balls will have disappeared. For this, and nothing less, is the distinction of the Jardin Bullier. If age has somewhat changed its character, it has also invested with a little of the interest of romance the most ancient and most celebrated resort of the students of the Latin Quarter. It is but a short time since the elder Bohemians of Paris were boasting that Bullier still survived *les coups de pioche des démolisseurs*, but if there are Bohemians on this side of the Channel who have not yet made acquaintance with it they must needs hasten.

The history of Bullier is of a most respectable antiquity, dating back to the beginning of the present century. In those early days its name was la Chartreuse, in memory of the old convent des Chartreux, a portion of whose site it occupies; and it was frequented exclusively by students and grisettes. When, in 1838, the Grande Chaumière, chief rival of the Chartreuse, disappeared, the latter took on the name of the Closerie des Lilas, by which it was long known. There may be said to have been two distinct Closeries at that era; the Closerie whose more or less bosky gardens were haunted in the morning and afternoon by poets and dreamers, and by ladies (not always on adventure bent) who carried their knitting there; and the Closerie which, on certain evenings of the week, echoed the wild voices and wilder steps of the students and their amies. Murger must have known the Closerie well; his delightful Chaunard of the "Vie de Bohème," is a perfect type of the habitué of that period. Legend, well attested, links the name of Béranger with the Closerie. Living then in the Rue d'Enfer, the poet strayed one night into the gardens, and was recognised by an ancient student. In a moment his name began to be buzzed about, students and grisettes came flocking on the scene, and the venerable poet was the centre of an excited group and the recipient of an extraordinary welcome. He was cheered again and again, his name and his praises were shouted to the

skies, he was covered with kisses and roses. Jeanne la Belle, the queen of the grisettes, offered him her bouquet, which he accepted; and Jeanne, and Béranger, and all the students and all the grisettes *avaient les larmes aux yeux*.

The Bullier of these days has followed, to a great extent, the changes which have overtaken the Latin Quarter itself. The student of the Revolutionary era lived and made merry on an income of a hundred and fifty francs per month, and was lucky if he could count on that. It allowed ample margin for an occasional "cover and bock" for Lisette. The personal needs of the young gentleman himself have increased since then, and Lisette considers herself a judge of refreshment more costly than books. The old-fashioned student is rarely observed in the Bullier of to-day. His successor is a new young man, with an eye-glass, who holds a cane to his lips as he surveys, with more of frigid surprise than of sympathy, the gambols of the handful of robust survivors of the "old guard."

Still, there is a general air of freedom which has been associated with Bullier since the far-past days when it was la Chartreuse, and which will remain until the last strains of the last polka have filtered into space. It is a peculiarity of the place that paid dancers of either sex are very rarely found there; *Danse qui veut* has always been a motto of Bullier. This, to be sure, has not prevented the exhibition of some very lively steps; and there is probably quite as much elevation of toes and heels at Bullier as at the "Moulin" or the Casino de Paris. And, like those and all similar establishments, Bullier has its *façourite* and famous "kickers." *Cigale, Souris, Sardine, Nina Belles-Dents* and *Bouffe-Toujours* of the midnights that are gone have found successors, of equal agility, in *Carmen, La Marquise, Suzanne des Quatre-Saisons, Mireille*, and many other exponents of the mad *chahut*. In earlier days, dames of distinction and of rank were occasional visitors at the Thursday ball (the most fashionable, if "fashion" were conceivable at Bullier), and danced, it is said, with as much *sans-gêne* as the veriest grisette, for it was the height of decorum to put decorum aside with one's wraps. But patronesses of that class would probably be sought in vain at the present day.

Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays were once the only days on which Bullier was open; but there is dancing now every night of the week. After the "concert" (quite a modern innovation, by the way), the orchestra attacks a sonorous polka, and in a little while the dance becomes general.

A corner of the hall, to the left of the orchestra, is reserved for the pleasures of those hardy spirits of the school that is now almost extinct, those who still delight to call themselves *les vrais basochiens*. It is a corner of Old Bohemia, the last redoubt, perhaps, of Rabelaisian Paris; a retreat with a character of its own, where, among both sexes, types are to be found which exist nowhere else in the capital. The gay ghosts of that company of starving roysterers whose laughter echoes still from the brilliant page of Murger might recognise among the dancing-girls of this "last refuge of the merry" some true descendants of the *compagnes fidèles* of their own forgotten and obliterated haunts, in the days when one often went early to bed to forget that one had not dined. Here, after the dance (and more especially during the early days of the month, while there is still a shot in the locker), the tables are piled with platters, suppers are commanded with the most *insouciant* liberality, and there is an incredible consumption of bocks on both sides. Then the étudiants and their étudiantes sit on the floor with their backs against the wall, and tell one another stories such as the monks were fond of. If the viands are wanting in spice, there is pepper enough in the stories.

But the interest of Bullier centres in this little corner of the hall, for it has ceased to be an important rival of more modern establishments, at which professional dancers are subsidised at remunerative salaries. There are better, or more audacious, dancers of the *chahut* at the Moulin Rouge or the Casino de Paris than ever figure at Bullier, even on a Saturday night. Bullier has perhaps relied a little too much on its reputation. It is no longer on the same commercial level with the "bals" of more recent date, at which Nini Patte-en-l'Air and her school are hired at extravagant prices to dance the old *cancan* in the newest style. Outwardly, moreover, Bullier has not kept itself quite up to date. There has been no "garden" there for years, and the building itself—which has been opprobriously dubbed a shed—has no external beauty. It has a long, low frontage, curiously castellated, and you descend instead of mounting to the dancing-rooms, which (it should not be told) are used by day as a cycling course. What remains of Bullier is, in a word, not much more than, if even so much as, the kernel of the Closerie des Lilas; and of the modern building there is not a picture to be had in all Paris. It will not be forgotten; but, if it were closed to-morrow, the gay world of the Paris of to-day would read with perfect indifference its obituary paragraph in the newspapers.

Quite possibly, however, Bullier may change hands once again before the door is finally locked against its patrons, and the spring that is to come may show it in an aspect more fantastic than ever. In Paris, if anywhere, the candle does not die without flaring.

T. II.

## NOTE.

*The Sketch* will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Building, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, and Adelaide.



MR. FRY AT WORK.

## MARIE TEMPEST.

"Well, and what do you think of it all?" was my first question, as I entered Miss Tempest's music-room on the day following the production of "An Artist's Model."

"I was delighted with my reception—delighted beyond measure!" replied Miss Tempest, who was dressed in a light-blue frock of surpassing



MISS TEMPEST IN "NANON."

smartness, not to be accurately described by a mere man; but I could not help noticing the brave show of chiffons and things that adorned her.

"You see, I have been in America for four years, and four years is a long time to be away."

"Yes," I assented; "exactly four years too long."

I glanced round the room, which looked like a veritable flower-shop; great baskets of roses and lilies stood in every corner and on every table, witnesses of the fact that Miss Tempest has many friends who have not forgotten her during her long stay abroad.

"How do you like your new part?" I asked.

"I think it will work out very well after a few days. At present I seem to be pining and whining all the time; the tragedy queen is not my *genre*, and it is very difficult for a light-opera singer to be obliged to portray serious emotions."

"That is what we all thought in front. But you have some very pretty music to sing."

"Yes, and my first song, 'On y révient toujours,' was introduced by Mr. Jones, at Mr. George Edwardes's suggestion. It is an old French art-student song. It will be whistled all over London in a week or two. Don't you think so?"

"I am sure of it. Now tell me what you have been doing in America?"

"I opened there with 'The Red Hussar,' by poor Teddy Solomon, which was a fair success, though the book was unmercifully slated. I went on tour playing the rôles of Carmen and Mignon."

"Grand opera!" said I, with some surprise.

"Yes; but I soon returned to my early love. After a holiday in England—you know, I have always spent my summers in Europe—I opened at the Casino Theatre, in New York, under the management of Mr. Rudolph Aronson."

"I know the gentleman. He——"

"Ssh! We got on very well together in our business relations, as a rule. The opera selected was an adaptation of Zeller's 'Vogelhändler' called 'The Tyrolean.' In this I played a boy's part, but did not have much to do until the second act, in which the 'Nightingale's Song' was allotted to me. Although I took it at a much slower *tempo* than the composer intended, it made an instantaneous and remarkable success, and I was obliged to take three or four encores every night. Then we revived Genée's 'Nanon,' which as you know, has always been very popular in New York."

"You have still two more seasons to account for?"

"Don't be in such a hurry. When I returned to New York, in the autumn of 1892, it was to 'star' in an opera called 'The Fencing-Master,' by Reginald de Koven, whose 'Maid Marian' was only a qualified success in London some few years ago. In the autumn following, I produced the same composer's 'The Algerians' at Philadelphia. I came home last August, and have been waiting in idleness ever since for the production of 'An Artist's Model.'"

"What do you think of modern American composers?"

"There are so few of them. An American hardly ever goes in for art unless he has private means, and then it is so easy to obtain outside aid in the matter of technical difficulties and orchestration. But Mr. de Koven has written some charming music."

"Have you any views as to how American audiences compare with ours?"

"There are as many audiences in America as there are cities. I have travelled so much that I know beforehand the sort of reception we are likely to receive in any particular town. But, speaking generally, I have nothing to express but gratitude for the way in which I have been treated in America."

"But you're not going back there, surely? We really cannot spare you."

"Cela dépend," said Miss Tempest, with a little shrug of her shoulders; "one never can tell."

"How did the newspapers treat you?"

"It took me a little while to get used to their methods, but, on the whole, they have been very kind to me. Indeed, I have a great deal for which to thank them. But the amount of times I have been married and unmarried, buried and reincarnated, and the astounding adventures I have gone through—according to the papers—would make a very interesting novel."

"They have imagination, then, these reporters?"

"Yes; the great novelist that America is waiting for will come from the reporting staff of one of the big dailies."

"And the gilded youths of America, are they eager in 'The Pursuit of the Well-belovéd'?"

"Oh, they are much the same all over the world, I expect. But I cannot conceive what joy it can be to a man to sit down every day and write an anonymous letter of adoration to someone he has never spoken



IN "THE FENCING-MASTER."

to in his life. I have had shoals of this kind of epistle—positively shoals of them."

"And poetry, too?"

"Miles of it! You know the sort of thing I mean—'I am beauteous and fair as the first light of morning which glows ere the sun pours its full radiance o'er; and the joy of my beauty, so rich and adorning, is that which, once felt, is forgotten no more.' But there was one little poem I rather liked. I'll try and find it"—and the little prima donna took up a

huge volume of press-cuttings, out of which she read me the following verses—

Down from a Dresden group,  
Out of a Watteau fan,  
She has deigned for an hour to stoop,  
Saying, "Catch me if you can!"  
  
She may fly at the hour's stroke  
To the Dresden group or the fan;  
Leaving some poor heart broke,  
With her "Catch me if you can!"

"You know," continued Miss Tempest, "I am always called 'Dresden China' in America—it has become a national custom. Another popular



*Photo by Sarony, New York.*

MISS TEMPEST IN "THE FENCING-MASTER."

phrase is that which says I have a Tennysonian tip-tilted nose—whatever that may be."

"Before I go, Miss Tempest, I want to ask your opinion about the burning question of kissing on the stage?"

"We have to do it, and it can't be helped. Of course, we don't kiss at rehearsals."

"And the equally burning question of kissing off the stage?"

Miss Tempest started; and then rose, saying, with an arch smile, "Ah, that—that is another story!"

G. B.

#### BEFORE YOU CAN SAY "JACK ROBINSON."

In a little volume of summer sketches called "Among the Apple Orchards," recently published, I happened to allude to an active Arabian guide at the Pyramids who—and I was an eye-witness to the fact—was up one enormous Pyramid and down the other literally "before you can say 'Jack Robinson'"; and I added, "though why you should call on that particular gentleman to denote speed I have never been able to discover." But I have discovered the mystery at last, and now I know all about Mr. Jack Robinson; through the kindness of an old friend at Buxton, who has unearthed from his valuable library an old sea-song which gives a complete and accurate history of a hero supposed to be mythical. The ballad is at once so dramatic and amusing that I venture to quote it for the edification of your innumerable readers. Perhaps, indeed, one of your gifted artists would illustrate Jack Robinson philosophically "making tracks" after being jilted by his faithless girl.—CLEMENT SCOTT.

The perils and the dangers of the voyage past,  
And the ship at Portsmouth has arrived at last,  
The sails all furled, and the anchor cast—  
The happiest of the crew was Jack Robinson.  
For his Poll he had trinkets and gold galore,  
Besides, prize-money he had quite a store,  
And, along with the crew, he went ashore,  
As coxswain to the boat, did Jack Robinson.

He met with a man, and said, "I say,  
Perhaps you may know one Polly Gray?  
She lives somewhere hereabout;" the man said "Nay,  
I do not, indeed," to Jack Robinson.  
So says Jack to him, "I have left my ship,  
And all my messmates they gave me the slip;  
Mayhap you'll partake of a good can of flip?  
For you're a good sort of fellow," says Jack Robinson.

In a public-house, then, they both sat down,  
And talked of admirals of high renown,  
And drank as much grog as came to half-a-crown,  
This here strange man and Jack Robinson.  
Then Jack call'd out the reckoning to pay;  
The landlady came in, in fine array.  
"My eyes and limbs! why, here's Polly Gray!  
Who'd have thought of meeting here?" says Jack Robinson.

The landlady staggered against the wall,  
And said, at first, she didn't know him at all.  
"Shiver me!" says Jack, "why, here's a pretty squall;  
D——n me! don't you know me? I'm Jack Robinson!  
Don't you remember this handkerchief you giv'd me?  
'Twas three years ago, before I went to sea;  
Every day I've looked at it, and then I thought of thee,  
Upon my soul I have!" says Jack Robinson.

Says the lady, says she, "I have changed my state."  
"Why, you don't mean," says Jack, "that you've got a mate?  
You know you promised—" Says she, "I could not wait,  
For no tidings could I gain of you, Jack Robinson;  
And somebody, one day, came up to me and said,  
That somebody else had somewhere read  
In some newspaper as how you were dead."  
"I've not been dead at all," says Jack Robinson.

Then he turn'd his quid, and finish'd his glass,  
Hitched up his trousers, "Alas! alas!  
That ever I should live to be such an ass!  
To be bilked by a woman," says Jack Robinson.  
"But to fret and to stew about it's all-in-vain;  
I'll get a ship and go to Holland, France, and Spain—  
No matter where, to Portsmouth I'll ne'er come again,"  
*And he was off before you could say "Jack Robinson!"*



*Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street.*

IN "THE ALGERIANS."

MARCH 6, 1895

THE SKETCH,

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MISS MARIE TEMPEST.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FALK, NEW YORK.

## THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

## ANOTHER ENIGMA.\*

A clever woman remarked in my hearing lately that the "infinite variety" of her sex was a masculine delusion, and that women are really distinguished, above all things, by their simplicity. This dictum, I remember, was received by the men in the company with a kind of deferential assurance. I think we all tried to look as if woman had



MISS MÉNIE MURIEL DOWIE.

become simple to us, because, with much toil and patience, we had at last mastered all her vagaries. Under cross-examination, everyone of us would have declared that he thoroughly understood the New Woman, for example; and, perhaps, he would have ventured to suggest that this claim of simplicity on her behalf was the last double of the quarry brought to bay by the hunter. But we were all wrong—egregiously wrong. As a humble representative of the mere man, I confess that Miss Dowie's heroine has staggered me. What is more, having heartily, and even vehemently, disliked her through three parts of the book, I have ended in a state uncommonly like subjugation. That this was not to be expected you may easily imagine from the beginning of this young woman. Two excellent old ladies, her mother and her aunt—I wish to say here that the aunt, Mrs. Leighton, is an admirable bit of character, finished like a cameo—are placidly talking, when to them enters Gallia, who proceeds at once to discuss the State regulation of vice. That, you will allow, is scarcely a prepossessing initiative. The next momentous incident is that Gallia, finding herself in love with Hubert Essex, whom she has permitted to hold her hand rather nonchalantly in the conservatory after dinner, thinks it due to her self-respect to make a declaration to him. She likens human feelings to certain creatures in the animal kingdom, and comes to the conclusion that shame—the shame of giving her hand in a conservatory to an indifferent and rather sarcastic young man—"is a snake, and it is knotted all round me." The young man comes to call, and she gives him a "straight speech," a "passionate speech," as Hamlet would say, condemns her own behaviour in the conservatory as "immodest, flagrant, shameless," reminds him that he did not, on that occasion, show the "commonest civility" to her—he was, indeed, inexorably rude—but begs his forgiveness for her lack of "honesty" in not telling him at first that she loved him, though she scarcely knew it.

How should a man receive such an amazing avowal? He might, for the sake of gaining time, point out that the immodesty and dishonesty are imaginary; but, then, it is no use offering cold reason to a knotted snake. I do not see how Essex was to save the situation, especially as Gallia was instantly convinced by his meditation, with his elbow on the mantel-shelf, that he would not be natural, would not "give his inner self free play." Miss Dowie bids us despise his "priggishness and affection"; but what was the poor man to do? His inner self was not at this moment attracted by the lady, and he had no impulse, which, as he explained to her, many men would have had, to call to his aid certain powers of the animal kingdom which would have

devoured her, knotted snake and all. Having neither love nor passion, he could only take his hat. Later on, these two meet in a cloister at the Abbey, and, after a remarkable conversation about motherhood as the supreme mission of woman, Essex deplores his coldness in that interview years before and kisses her. "We suffer for the degeneracy of our day," he says, and it turns out in the end that his particular degeneracy is heart-disease. As Gallia believes it is the duty of women to rear a sound posterity, obviously Essex has no business in her life, and he submits philosophically to her marriage with his friend Mark Gurdon. Gurdon is a man with a past—or rather, a present—in the agreeable shape of Cara Lemuel, an artist's model, and it is her discovery of this *liaison* which determines Gallia to marry him. He is not left under any misapprehension as to the state of her feelings, for she distinguishes, with her usual frankness, between love and marriage—love being, on the whole, a burden, and marriage a concession to popular ignorance. The curious experience of Essex at the outset is capped by Gurdon's discovery that this singular young woman he is going to wed looks beyond him to the child she means to cherish. Again the problem presents itself: How should a man behave in such a case? Here is a girl who goes through the world trampling on unprotected men, treating one as affected, insincere, and priggish, though any real emotion may cost the poor fellow his life, and treating another merely as a potential father. Luckily for Gurdon, his heart is sound, and he quenches his astonishment at Gallia's philosophy by crushing her in his arms, while she is thinking of the other man, and wishing he had "the grit to go so far."

It is not surprising that in the glow of this vivid personality the men of the book seem rather vague. There is a certain Robbie Leighton, who is at a loose end in Paris at the opening of the story, and is a perfectly useless personage till he is needed to marry Margaret Essex, the type of average beauty and charm in woman. Margaret was at first displeased with Robbie because of his relations with one Arsène, a model; but she overlooks this moral deflection after a course of lectures from Gallia on man as a physiological circumstance. In one respect Miss Dowie's novel may be described as a counterblast to "The Heavenly Twins," for there could not be a greater contrast than the healthy naturalism of Gallia to the mawkish idiocy of Evadne. Here the man with a past is not preached at, nor sternly outlawed, nor wept over as a brand to be snatched from the burning. He is simply subjected to gentle ridicule, a process most divertingly described by Miss Gertrude Janion, a sprightly damsel of Gallia's circle. "Have you noticed what a passion men have for telling girls about their pasts? . . . Men are like children who have come home from the seashore. . . . They have to tell how they paddled, and just how deep they went in, and all about the queer things they fished out, and about the crabs that caught hold of their toes. . . . And all the time you see how awfully frightened at the crabs they have been. 'But our little shoes were hanging round our necks, Nursey, dear'—here she imitated the small, high voice of the self-consciously good child—they say as they put them on again. 'And see how clean we've kept our overalls!'" There is the same agreeable mockery in Gallia's comprehensive description of her sex. "Yes, we have proved there are three sorts of women: the bad ones—to fan the flame of men's vices—a red flame that, for the sake of the picturesque; the good girls, to feed the white flame of their virtues; and the in-between girl, who blows neither fire, and can warm herself indifferently at both." There is much more in the same vein, expressed with uncompromising directness, and painful reading, I fear, for the average man; indeed, I have no doubt the thoughtful girls of our generation will keep "Gallia" out of the hands of their unsophisticated brothers. But, in spite of some defects of structure, the novel has undeniable force; and although Gallia, as her name implies, is supposed to care for none of the things that interest most women, or, at any rate, cares for them in a perfectly original way, the key of her mystery is that she has the misfortune to love the wrong man, in whom the irony of heart-disease is positively sphinx-like.

A. B.



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.



BY GRANT ALLEN.

Zélie was our cook. She came back to us each winter when we returned to the Riviera, and went away again in spring to Aix-les-Bains, where she always made her summer season with a German family. A thorough-going Provençale was Zélie, olive-skinned, black-haired, thick-lipped, pleasant-featured, with flashing dark eyes and a merry mouth, well shaped to make a mock at you. Nobody would have called Zélie exactly pretty, but she was comely and buxom, and good-humoured withal, while, as for *pot-au-feu*, she had not her equal in the whole Department. She said *goux* for *choux*, and *capeau* for *chapeau*; but her smile was infectious, and her kindness of heart was as undoubted as her omelettes.

One April afternoon, Ruth went out into the kitchen. She didn't often penetrate into such regions at the villa, for Zélie, on that point, was strictly conservative. "If Madame desires to see me," she used to say, "I receive at half-past nine in the morning, when I come home from marketing. At all other hours, I am happy to return Madame's call in the *salon*." Zélie was too good a servant to make it worth while for us to risk her displeasure; and the consequence was that Ruth seldom ventured into Zélie's keep except at the hour of her cook's reception.

On this particular day, however, Ruth was surprised to see Zélie seated at the table stitching away at what appeared to be a bridal garment. Such white muslin and white tulle gave her a turn for a moment. "Why, Zélie!" she cried, putting one hand to her heart, "you're not going to be married?" For cooks like Zélie are rare on the Littoral.

"*Ma foi!* no, Madame," Zélie answered, laughing. "I confection a robe for Frasine, who makes her first Communion."

"Frasine!" Ruth exclaimed. "And who may Frasine be? Your sister, I suppose, Zélie?"

Zélie smoothed out a flounce with one capable brown hand. "No, Madame," she said demurely; "Frasine is my daughter."

"Your daughter!" Ruth cried, staring at her. "But, Zélie, I never even knew you were married!"

Zélie smoothed still more vigorously at the edge of the flounce. "Mais non, Madame," she continued, in her most matter-of-fact voice. "It arrived so, you see. Hector's family were against it, and thus it never happened."

Ruth gazed at her, much shaken. "But, Zélie," she murmured, seizing her hand in dismay, "do you mean to tell me—?"

Zélie nodded her head sagely. "Yes, yes, Madame," she answered. "These things come so to us other poor people. It is not like that, I know, *chez vous*. But here in France, let us allow, the law is so difficult."

"Tell me all about it," Ruth cried, sinking down on to one of the kitchen chairs, and looking up at her appealingly. "What age has your daughter?"

"Frasine is twelve years old," Zélie answered, still going on with her work, "and a pretty girl, too, though 'tis the word of a mother. You see, Madame, it came about like this. The good Hector was in love with me; but he was in a better position than my parents for his part, for his father was proprietor, while mine was workman. They owned a beautiful property up in our hills near Vence—Oh, a beautiful property! They harvested I could not tell you how many hectolitres of olives. Their little blue wine was renowned in the country. Well, Hector loved me, and I loved Hector. *Que voulez-vous?* We were thrown, in our work, very much together." She paused, and glanced shyly askance at Ruth with those expressive eyes of hers.

"And he didn't marry you?" Ruth asked, faltering.

"He meant to, Madame; I assure you, he meant to," Zélie answered hastily. "He was a kind soul, Hector; he began it all at first for the good motive. But, meanwhile, you understand, in waiting for the priest—" Zélie lifted her flounce close up to her face and stitched away at it nervously.

"And that was all?" Ruth put in, with her scared white face—I could hear and see it all through the door from my study.

"That was all, Madame," Zélie answered, very low. "Il m'a dit, 'Veux-tu?' Je lui ai dit, 'Je veux bien.' Et tout d'un coup, nous voilà père et mère presque sans le savoir."

There was a pause for a moment, during which you could hear Zélie's needle go stitch, stitch, stitch, through the stiff starched muslin. Then Ruth spoke again: "And, after that, he left you?"

Zélie's stoicism began to give way a little. There were tears in her eyes, but still she stitched on, to hide her confusion. "He never meant any harm, my poor boy!" she answered, bending over. "He really loved me, and he always hoped, in the end, to marry me. So, when he knew Frasine was beginning to be, he said to me, one fine day, 'Zélie, I will go up to Vence, and arrange your affair with my father and the curé.' And he went up to Vence, and asked his father's consent to our marriage, for, *chez nous*, you know, one is not permitted to marry without the consent of one's family. But Hector's father was very angry at the news, and refused his consent, because he was proprietor, and I was but a servant. And about that time it was Hector's year to serve, and they put him into a regiment that was stationed a long way off—Oh! a very long way off—quite far from my country, in the direction of Orleans. And, without his father's consent, of course, he could never marry me, for that's our law here in France, to us others. So he served his time, and at the end of it all—well, he married another woman, and settled in Paris."

"He married another woman," Ruth repeated slowly, "and left you with Frasine."

"Parfaitement, Madame," Zélie answered with a gulp. Then, all at once, her stoicism broke down completely; she laid aside her sewing, and burst into tears with perfect frankness.

Ruth bent over her tenderly, and stroked her brown hand. "Dear Zélie!" she said; "he treated you cruelly."

"No, no, Madame!" Zélie answered through her tears, still loyal to her lover. "You do not understand. He could not help it. He was a brave boy, Hector. He meant to do well, it was all for the good motive; but his family opposed, and with us, when your family oppose, *Mon Dieu!* it is finished. But still, he was good; he did what he could for me. He acknowledged his child, and entered it at the Mairie as his own and mine, which alters, of course, its *état civil*—Frasine has right, at his death, to a share of his property. My poor, good Hector! it was all he could do for me."

Ruth burst away at once, and came in to me, crying. This was all so new to her, and we were both of us so genuinely attached to Zélie. "Oh, Hugh!" she began, "Zélie's been telling me such a dreadful, dreadful story. Do you know she has—?"

"My child," I said, "you may save yourself the trouble of repeating it all to me; I've heard through the door every blessed word you two have been saying."

Ruth stood by my side, all tearful. "But isn't it sad, Hugh?" she said; "and she seemed so resigned to it."

"Very sad, dear," I answered. "But, do you know, little Ruthie, I'm afraid such stories are by no means uncommon—abroad, I mean, dear."

"Hugh," Ruth cried, seizing my arm, "we must see this little girl of hers." She rushed out into the kitchen again. "Zélie," she said, "where is Frasine?"

Zélie had taken up her sewing once more by this time, and answered with a little sob, "In our mountains, Madame, near Vence; in effect, she lives with my parents."

"And do you see her often?" Ruth asked.

"Once in fifteen days she comes to Mass in the town," Zélie answered with a sigh; "and then, when Madame's convenience permits, I usually see her. And when I have made my winter season, I go up for eight days with her, to stop with my people, before I leave for Aix-les-Bains; and when I return again in autumn, before Madame arrives, I have eight days more. *Ce sont là mes vacances.*"

"And where will she make her first Communion?" Ruth asked.

"Why, naturally, in the town," Zélie answered, "with the other young people. The Bishop of Fréjus comes over, from here a fortnight."

"Bring her down here," Ruth said in her imperious little way. "Let her stop with us till the time. Monsieur and I desire to see her."

So Frasine came down, and very proud indeed Zélie was of her daughter. Barring the irregularity of her first appearance in this wicked world, Zélie had cause to be proud of her. She was tall and well-grown, and as modest as a *rosière*. She had dove-like eyes and peach bloom on her cheeks, and when Ruth and Zélie had arranged her, all blushing, in her pretty white dress and her long tulle veil, she looked a perfect model for Jules Breton's young Christians. Zélie kissed her as she stood there, with a mother's fervour; and Ruth kissed her, I declare, just as fervently as Zélie. They couldn't have made more fuss about that slip of a girl if Frasine's father had kept his promise and the child had been born in lawful wedlock.

After a day or two Ruth began to talk about something that was troubling her. It was a very serious thing, she said, this first Communion. It was an epoch in a girl's life, a family occasion. Every member of the family ought to be apprised of it beforehand. Hector might be married to another horrid woman in Paris, but, after all, Frasine was his daughter, acknowledged as such in due form at the Mairie. I'm bound to say that, though Ruth is a stickler for the strictest morality on *our* side of the Channel, she didn't take much account of that woman in Paris. I ventured to suggest that to invite the good Hector to the first Communion might be to endanger the peace of a deserving family. Madame Hector *de jure* might be unaware of the existence of her predecessor *de facto*, and might regard little Frasine, as

an unauthorised interloper, with no friendly feeling. But Ruth was inexorable. You know her imperious, delicious little way when she once gets a fixed idea into that dear glossy head of hers. She insisted on maintaining the untenable position that a man is somehow really and truly related to his own children, no matter who may be their mother. As an English barrister, I humbly endeavoured to point out to her the fact that recognition of this pernicious principle would involve the downfall of law and order. Still, Ruth was impervious to my sound argument on the subject, and refused to listen to the voice of Blackstone. So the end of it all was that she persuaded Zélie to write to Hector, informing him of this important forthcoming epoch in their daughter's history.

Of course, I had a week of it. To search for Hector in Paris, after nine years' silence, would be to search for a needle in a bottle of hay, as I pointed out at once to those two fatuous women. My own opinion was that Hector was to be found (as we say facetiously) in the twenty-first arrondissement—the point of which is that there are but twenty. But I rushed up to Vence all the same, to prosecute inquiries as to what had become of the former owner of that *belle propriété* which loomed so large in Zélie's imagination. With infinite difficulty, and after many trials, I had reason to believe, at last, that the nommé Hector Canivet, ancient proprietor, was to be found at a certain number in a certain street in the Montmartre Quartier. Hither, therefore, we despatched our letter of invitation, dexterously concocted, in our very best French, by Ruth, Zélie, and myself in council assembled. It informed Monsieur Hector Canivet, without note or comment, that Mdlle. Euphrasyne Canivet, now aged twelve years, would make her first Communion in our parish church on Wednesday, the 22nd, and that Mdlle. Zélie Duhamel invited his presence on this auspicious occasion. As an English barrister, I insisted upon the point that consideration for the feelings of Madame Canivet in Paris should make us leave it open for M. Hector Canivet to treat Mdlle. Euphrasyne, if he were so minded, as a distant cousin. So much of masculine guile have I still left in me. Ruth was disposed to protest, but Zélie, more French, acquiesced in my view of the case, and over-persuaded her.

Three days later I was sitting in my study, intent on the twenty-fourth chapter of my "History of the Rise of the Republic of San Marino," when suddenly the door opened, and Ruth burst in upon me with the most radiant expression of perfect happiness I ever saw even on that dimpled face of hers. She held a letter in her hand, which she thrust forward to me eagerly.

"What's up?" I asked. "Has that brute of a husband of Amelia's been kind enough to drink himself to death at last?"

"No; read it, read it!" Ruth exclaimed, brimming over. "Zélie and Frasine are dissolved in tears in the kitchen over the news. I knew I was doing right! I was sure we ought to tell him!"

I took the letter up in a maze. It was involved and long-winded, full of the usual inflated rhetoric of the Provençal peasant. But there was no doubt at all about the human feeling of it. Monsieur Hector Canivet wrote with the profoundest emotion. He had always loved and remembered his dear Zélie. She was still his dream to him. He had married and settled because his parents wished it, but now, his parents were dead, and he had sold his property, and was doing very well at his *métier* in Paris. The late Madame Canivet—on whose soul might the blessed saints have mercy!—had died two years ago. Ever since that event he had had it in his mind to return to his country, and look up Zélie and his dear daughter; but pride, and uncertainty as to her feelings, had prevented him. It was so long ago, and he knew not her feelings. He took this intimation, however, as a proof that Zélie had not yet entirely forgotten him, and if the devotion of a lifetime, and a comfortable fortune for a *bourgeois* in Paris, would atone to Zélie for his neglect in the past, he proposed not only to be present at Frasine's first Communion, but also to superadd to it another Sacrament of the Church which he was only too conscious should have preceded her baptism. In short, if Zélie was still of the same mind as of old, he desired to return, in order to marry her.

"That's well," I said. "He will legitimatise his daughter."

"You don't mean to say," Ruth cried, "he can make it just the same as if he'd married Zélie all right to begin with?"

"Why, certainly!" I answered; "in France, the law is sometimes quite human."

Ruth rushed into my arms. And the brave Hector was as good as his word. But we shall never get another cook like Zélie!

### THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Some of us who cannot read Miss Edgeworth's novels are still very glad to read gossip about her, for she was better and livelier than anything she ever wrote, and only not more sensible and practical than her stories for youth because that couldn't very well be. Messrs. Macmillan have chosen her "Castle Rackrent" and "The Absentee" to make the first volume in their Illustrated Standard Novels, and have asked that genial gossip, Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie, to write an Introduction. The only possible quarrel with the illustrations is that one of them is not a portrait of Maria.

Mrs. Ritchie knows the Edgeworth home as it is to-day, and has looked on many reliques of the former members of the family. Then she is well versed in the written family history, the allusions to Maria and her father in the many memoirs and letters of the time. She has culled discreetly from these. This reference to Miss Edgeworth's stories by

Robert Hall is curious enough, and, I think, not familiar to many. He thought highly of her powers and her style; but "in point of tendency," he says, "I should class her books among the most irreligious I ever read. . . . She does not attack religion, nor inveigh against it, but makes it appear unnecessary by exhibiting perfect virtue without it. . . . No works ever produced so bad an effect on my own mind."

Mrs. Ritchie's own summary of the qualities and powers of the little lady who has fascinated her so much hits the mark as nearly, perhaps, as do the enthusiastic allusions of Sir Walter, Sir William Hamilton, and her many other contemporary admirers. "Maria's correspondence is delightful," she says, "and conveys us right away into that bygone age. The figures rapidly move across her scene, talking and unconsciously describing themselves as they go. . . . She did not go very deep. . . . I don't think she troubled herself much about complication of feeling; she liked people to make repartees, or to invent machines, to pay their bills, and to do their duty in a commonplace and cheerfully stoical fashion."

The new novels that have come in my way have been hardly of Miss Edgeworth's quality. Someone who calls herself "John Smith" has spoilt a good idea in "Old Brown's Cottages" ("Pseudonym Library"). The good idea is the attempt to describe the lives of the inmates of a row of mostly squalid cottages in the country, and to show how these lives are bound together. It is convenient in fiction for the historian of a parish, a hamlet, or a block of houses, to pose as someone of influence and opportunities of observation in the neighbourhood. It gives verisimilitude to his record. In this way, schoolmasters, doctors, and pastors have come into fiction, fulfilling very useful artistic functions. But "John Smith" made her observations in the quality of district-visitor, and she writes as such. District-visitors are excellent people, and they may also write excellent fiction. But if their fiction is excellent, it will not be recognisable as that of district-visitors. And "John Smith," never forgetting the fact of her employment, and the sentiments held proper to its due fulfilment, has written the volume of the "Pseudonym Library" bearing most resemblance to a tract. And with the newest "Autonym" I don't consider myself much more fortunate—"A Bachelor Maid," by Mrs. Burton Harrison—for it deals with the weary Women's Question, and its heroine is much too good, beautiful, and gifted to suitably figure anywhere save in an epic.

Story-readers should look out for the next edition of Michael Scott's tales, now being issued by Messrs. Gibbons. "Tom Cringle's Log" and "The Cruise of the Midge" have lasting qualities, and can be read again after an interval of twenty years. But it is difficult to imagine the appetite of that reviewer quoted by the publishers, who calls them "Two books which we never fail to peruse every year." No, they are good stories; but, when boyhood has passed and a palate has been cultivated, they are readable only when one is indifferent to charm.

Mr. Salt's Selections from Thoreau are a welcome addition to the "Eversley Series." Thoreau bears selection very well, and his present editor has a long and sympathetic acquaintance with him. He has included none of his verse, however—which is a pity, for, if it be not good poetically, it is particularly characteristic, and no one knows Thoreau who hasn't wriggled under its uncouthness and been startled by its occasional direct force. But that omission may be readily forgiven in consideration of the capital portrait which forms the frontispiece. That portrait is a whole biography.

An excellent translation of one of Jonas Lie's books has been made by Miss Jessie Muir, under the title of "One of Life's Slaves" (Hodder Brothers). The same lady has translated another, "The Visionary"; and these two, with "The Commodore's Daughters," which was published in Mr. Heinemann's "International Library," give English readers a fair chance of judging of one side of Lie's genius. There are curious points of resemblance between "One of Life's Slaves" and Daudet's "Jack"; though the temperaments of the two writers could hardly be more dissimilar, and though their heroes differ just as much as they do themselves, yet the remembrances of them rush into a reader's mind. Lie's story has all the true elements of tragedy, and the material is used with the restraint and skill of great art.

Though the old translation by Lord Berners has been used for the new "Globe" Froissart (Macmillan), the editor, Mr. Macaulay, thinks it not an ideal one, only the best available. It is picturesque at least, and readable as a whole, and its occasional long-windedness, for which the original is responsible, has been cut down by the editor to make the narrative of a size to fill a comfortable volume. The spelling has been modernised, and every chance has been given to the general reader of becoming acquainted with this treasure-house of stories. If the general reader rejects it, the uncorrupted taste of youth may still be trusted to like its wholesome flavour.

Zola's "Mysteries of Marseilles" has been put into English by Mr. Vizetelly. The adventures following on the rash elopement of Philippe Cayo with the young heiress make a romantic story, though not of the kind that tests the novelist's powers. But why should even an inferior book be given us in such careless English? Hurry probably accounts for some of the faults, but hurry is not a respectful excuse to readers or to the original writer. The morality of translation is a matter that never needed more attention than it does now. But a very good portrait of the novelist, which forms the frontispiece, gives some value to the book.

## THE ART OF THE DAY.



"WITH AGE LET WRINKLES COME."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. H. HARROW, DARLINGTON.

## ART NOTES.

The recent sales at Christie's have not been very interesting, but they contain a few pieces that are good enough, under the circumstances, to be recorded. The highest was reached by a P. Nasmyth, a landscape with figures, which reached the figure of £294. A Leader, "The Thames at Streatley," fetched £162; an Israels, "Waiting for the Boat," £199; a Briton Rivière, "The Empty Chair," £169; a Venetian sunset by Ziem went for £152, and a pair by Dietrich for £110. Of the drawings, Sir John Gilbert still proved the most popular "draw"; his "Miss Flite introduces the Wards in Jarndyce to the Lord Chancellor" fetched a matter of £252. A scene in Glen Beg, by T. M. Richardson, brought the reasonable sum of £100; and a Scotch landscape, a view on Loch Katrine, by C. Fielding, fetched £152. Altogether, as we said before, a not particularly interesting list.

At the Goupil Gallery, some works by Mesdag, the Dutch landscape-painter, are now on show. Of this painter, it is quite possible, in different moods, to take two rather different views. At one time, one is inclined to admire somewhat full-heartedly the noble traditions of the school of which he is evidently a fervent disciple. He is Dutch—Dutch

The Art Galleries of Italy are so much a matter of general interest to the world that we cannot refrain from applauding the spirit of the Italian Government, which, through its Ministry of Public Instruction, has undertaken to publish a yearly chronicle of the changes that have taken place, whether by addition or rearrangement, in the various art collections of Italy. The first volume of the series, under the serviceable title, "Le Gallerie Nazionali Italiane," has just appeared, and contains some account of the Royal Gallery of Parma, the Museum of Archaeology at Venice, the Florence Galleries, the Private Galleries of Rome, the Brera at Milan, and the Gallery and Este Cabinet of Coins at Modena. There is, further, some record of a few among the municipal museums of the country.

This is generous enough, but the book is also accompanied by a series of plates in phototype. Thus there is reproduced a Parma Correggio, the "Madonna Della Scodella," together with a second Correggio belonging to Modena, a Madonna with the Divine Child. Among other reproductions there are these to be noted: Two bronze vases by Andrea Brioso, some Renaissance medallions, a Venus by Credi, a "Redeemer" supposed to be the work of Andrea Solario, a fifteenth century bronze bust from the Venice Museum, and the account-book, in facsimile, of Lorenzo Lotto, an artist of the sixteenth century, which was discovered three years ago at Loreto in the archives of the Basilica.



WEST HIGHLANDERS.—LOUIS B. HURT.

By permission of Messrs. Frost and Reed, Bristol (the owners of the copyright), who are publishing from the original picture an engraving of an important size.

of the period—to the finger-tips, and, although his originality is possibly not very striking, one cannot resist admiration for a talent so painstaking, so studious, and so resolute. His powers of observation are rare and certain, although his outlook is not extremely poetical or inspired. He looks at Nature pretty well with the eye of the general world; and, although his colour is not of the best order, he has a good method—a method which is at its best when the natural fact which he chronicles is sufficiently unusual to be outside the category of obvious facts.

The landscapes by Mr. Alfred East, at the Fine Art Society's Rooms, are the work of a very different master indeed. Where Mesdag is solid, sincere, painstaking, Mr. East is light, diaphanous, touched by a certain element of poetry—a sort of Ariel set to painting. We are not by any means sure that Mr. East's poetry should be dignified by a more sounding epithet than minor; but, if it be minor poetry, it is certainly good minor poetry. Again, we are not exactly disposed to rave about this work in adjectives that might possibly be applied to Corot without exaggeration. It is extremely pleasant, certainly. Mr. East has a true sense of atmosphere, and he possesses, in addition, a genuine feeling for colour. His modelling is, perhaps, not so solid and secure as it might be, but he is always refined and sensible to quietly beautiful effects. We like him best with his moons; "Moonrise in Spring" and "The Rising Moon" are both paintings admirable and poetical in their own way.

It is not often that the daily thief manages to secure the property of any great National Gallery; but this is a misfortune which has recently happened to the Louvre, from which the bronze medallion of Goethe, by David d'Angers, has been stolen. According to the *Athenaeum*, David became acquainted with Goethe at Weimar in 1828, when the sculptor was on his first journey to Germany. It was at this time that he modelled the colossal bust of the poet which is now in the Weimar Library.

Precentor Venables contributes to a contemporary a very curious little piece of family history in connection with the portrait of Henry Greville as Cupid, by Sir Joshua, which has been exhibited, during the winter season, at Burlington House. Some years ago the Precentor was visiting at Crewe Hall, and was extremely surprised by the singularity of a handsomely framed picture in one of the bedrooms. It was simply nothing more nor less than a tripod. Upon his remarking the oddness of such a picture, he was told its history—how, in a fit of temper, Greville's father had mutilated the picture, and caused a tripod, at which the boy's sister, as Hebe, might be supposed to be ministering, to be painted to fill the gap. The late Lord Crewe heard, from a friend who knew the story, of the existence of a "Cupid," certainly by Reynolds, which lay in some London dealer's collection. On examination, it was found to fit the place exactly, and proved to be certainly the long-missing portrait. Lord Crewe had it reinstated in the canvas, but preserved the tripod as a memorial of the loss and the recovery. A very pretty story indeed!

## IN SWITZERLAND.—By W. L. THOMAS, R.I.

*Exhibited at the Royal Water-Colour Society's Art Club.*

THE MATTERHORN.



THE RIBBON ROAD, ST. GOTTHARD PASS.



SUNSET, LUCERNE.

MR. LONNEN AND MISS ALICE LETHBRIDGE AS MARIONETTES.

*Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.*



"GOOD MORNING!"



"HOW DO YOU DO?"



"WILL YOU TAKE A STATT?"



"MY DARLING, I LOVE YOU!"

MR. LONNEN AND MISS ALICE LETHBRIDGE AS MARIONETTES.

*Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.*



"WILL YOU DANCE WITH ME?"



"THANK YOU VERY MUCH."



THE DANCE.



COLLAPSE OF THE MARIONETTE.

## A CHAT WITH MRS. THEODORE WRIGHT.

*Photographs by Gabell, Ebury Street, W.*

It was with a certain feeling of rejoicing that I read a kindly letter from Mrs. Theodore Wright, in which she said that, though hitherto she had always turned a deaf ear to anyone asking her to grant an interview, just for acquaintance sake she would not say "No" to me, and invited me, on behalf of *The Sketch*, to make my way to Clapham Park.

"The way was long, and the wind was cold," of a certainty as I passed along the quiet thoroughfares, and by big houses hidden by



MRS. THEODORE WRIGHT.

branching trees; but once in the shelter of Mrs. Wright's quaint, old-world drawing-room my pilgrimage was quite forgotten in her cordial welcome; even the long-haired little doggie who had greeted my entry with sharp barks consented to curl himself up before the cheerful fire and indulge in a siesta.

"No; I was certainly not intended for the profession," said my hostess, in answer to one of my first queries. "I loved acting all my life, but I had neither father nor mother, and about the first thing that happened to me when I left school was my marriage, so that before I was twenty there were two little ones calling me mother."

"But did you never study under anyone?"

"Somewhat curiously, when I was about eighteen, by my husband's wish, I read literature with Mrs. Stirling, and I have never forgotten her teaching; in fact, her style is so indelibly photographed on my memory that, when I played in 'Ghosts,' Mr. Clement Scott wrote of me that I reminded him of Mrs. Stirling in her early days. My only other stage training has been hearing all the greatest actresses. I never miss Duse or Sarah Bernhardt."

"You are a thorough Ibsenite, I believe?"

"I am deeply fond of Ibsen's plays, though I have only acted in two of them. I think no one understands women as Ibsen does."

"Not George Meredith in fiction?"

"His heroines are women of culture and brilliance," answered Mrs. Wright thoughtfully, "like Diana of the Crossways, who must have made her mark anywhere, whereas Ibsen commands an interest for the ordinary woman. Look at Nora, for instance."

"Then you admire the heroine of 'The Doll's House'?"

"I should think so!"—very emphatically; "that is a character to be read between the lines. Nora did not spend the money on sweetmeats and dolls; she used these things as a cloak, and the money went for the interest on the loan."

"And when she went away?" I asked curiously.

"Nora would come back again," answered Mrs. Wright, with conviction. "She could not leave her children, and she could not do otherwise than go away then, feeling as she did."

"You have been giving some Ibsen readings lately, I think?"

"Yes; Mrs. Haweis asked me to do it at her house, and I read 'Ghosts,' 'The Doll's House,' and 'The Enemy of the People.' It was as Oswald's mother in 'Ghosts' that I made my first hit."

"You like the part, then?"

"I believe firmly in heredity, and so I was able to play it naturally. A part that I can fully realise is, of course, the easiest for me, though I think an actress should be able to interpret any rôle."

"Wasn't it very difficult to act the blind woman in 'Alexandra'?" How did you manage to be so perfectly *unseeing*?"

"I visited three blind institutions, and studied the actions of the blind, watched them running, moving, feeling their way against walls, and told them stories, to learn the expression of their sightless faces."

"You have been associated a good deal with the Independent Theatre?"

"Yes, but my first professional engagement was with Mr. Tree. Among my parts was Thérèse Raquin, and I had a very interesting rôle in 'The Scapegoat,' which I played with Mr. Lewis Waller. I had to go and tell the story of my life to the man whose child loves my child, and explain why a marriage could not be." Mrs. Wright's voice changed suddenly, and, in another minute, she was going through that story which before had held an audience breathless, and, listening to her wonderfully modulated tones, the drawing-room at Clapham Park faded away, and only a broken-hearted woman was before me. It was an almost uncanny experience, for I have rarely met an actress who slips so naturally and easily from everyday conversation into a highly strung part.

"Mothers are your strong parts, I think?"

"Chance seems to have willed that I shall play the mother," said Mrs. Wright; "but I do think"—very earnestly—"that, having children of my own, I can throw myself more into such a rôle. I have the maternal note; only a mother can quite realise how another mother feels over her daughter, the coming woman. Then, again, there is more in the character of an older woman; tragedies don't circulate round girls of eighteen or nineteen. Their yes or no is hardly final. It is the woman who has loved, who has suffered, and developed, and yet retains her hold on humanity, whose words are fraught with weight."

L. E. B.



MRS. THEODORE WRIGHT.

## SNAKES IN CAPTIVITY.

## A TALK WITH DR. ARTHUR STRADLING.

So long as human nature retains its instinctive dislike to anything that creeps or crawls, the practice of keeping snakes is not likely to extend far beyond its present limits. Most people, probably, would find it exceedingly difficult to name anyone addicted to this propensity. Dr. Arthur Stradling, the subject of this sketch, declares it to be, in his case, hereditary. His father was fond of snakes, and his son, nine years of age, is devoted to them, and experiences absolutely no fear in their presence. How far the child, who figures in the illustrations, will develop his taste remains to be seen; of the father it may be said that



Photo by F. Downer, Watford.

DR. STRADLING AND HIS SON.

he has devoted the leisure—enforced leisure, it may have been, some of it, for the sake of the cause—of a lifetime to the study of snakes. In pursuit of his study, which he himself calls “ophiomania,” he has visited every snake-infested country of the globe—an undertaking accomplished by no other person, probably, with a similar object. Having, in the tropics, lived in constant and close companionship with serpents, it is not unnatural that, at Watford, he should still be surrounded by them.

People one is about to meet for the first time are never what one pictures them to be, and the present instance is no exception. A man who handles twelve-foot pythons and boa-constrictors with absolute impunity must have something of the Hercules about him. It is therefore quite in order to find Dr. Stradling one of the mildest of men, well fitted to soothe the patient, but not to battle with obstreperous serpents, as we, in our ignorance, imagine them to be.

When the visitor has become thoroughly convinced that the mild-mannered man before him really is the ruler of serpents of whom he has heard, a second surprise awaits him when he is led to see the snakes. He, of course, has pictured a semi-tropical hot-house, after the pattern of the Snake House at the Zoo. At Watford he is led through the dispensary into a tiny closet in which there is just room for him and the doctor to turn about and pass one another. Around the walls, on shelves, are oblong boxes, with glass fronts, of various sizes, and in these are the snakes. In vain does one look for the customary blanket, and instantly the story of the blanket-swallowing snake comes to mind. But the doctor explains that he abhors both blankets and gravel. His snakes are accommodated with plenty of sheets of cork bark, beneath which they can screen themselves from observation. The lid of a box is opened, in goes the doctor's hand (he never wears gloves or uses tongs), and comes out again with—no, not a bite, but the piece of bark. If you wish to see a snake closely, you have but to say so, and it is produced and handed round as though it were a bracelet in a jeweller's shop. Snakes have their temperaments, and an exception is made in the case of a couple of tree-boas, who live together in a large box. The larger of the two measures about twelve feet (it is very difficult to ascertain the exact length of a living snake), and is good-tempered; but the lesser one bites on small provocation, so we don't meddle with them.

Of course, one makes mistakes. Seeing a serpent-like object, nearly three feet long, lying in a box, one asks what kind of snake it is. “It is not a snake at all, but a lizard—a lizard without legs. Well, we

have birds without wings, and dogs and cats without tails; so why not lizards without legs? Still, it is a lesson to the unlearned in such things. You surmise that the place is always heated? Gas is burning day and night. I use naked, unventilated gas for warmth, and, as you can see, my reptiles are as healthy as can be. Indeed, I pride myself upon the fact that I rear and keep many delicate species which invariably die in zoological gardens and other menageries. That lizard without legs I have had for thirteen years. You say you fancied you heard the gas escaping? Oh, no; that was one of the snakes hissing. He is in a bad temper at being disturbed. Just now I have a particularly good collection of boa-constrictors, but rattlesnakes are my ‘first love.’ I am just now beginning to adopt my method of cramming universally. Anything up to twelve or fourteen feet I can manage single-handed, but in dealing with stock above that length I invoke the assistance of my head keeper, my little boy. A bag is of some service to restrain the movements of the body and render it amenable to control—I once got two ribs broken while manipulating a West African pythoness of sixteen feet. The process is not an elegant one; with half a hundred-weight of live, hot snake-flesh wreathing and writhing and engirdling one, one doesn't expend much effort in keeping up appearances. With shirt-sleeves rolled up and stocking feet, I grasp the creature just behind the head, and separate its jaws by gentle pressure with a silver spatula; it's more knack than force, for all snakes are exceedingly sensitive about the mouth—a light tap on the muzzle will turn the fiercest of them. Then the assistant pops the lump of meat, dead rat, bird, or whatever the morsel may be, right in among the quivering triple rows of long, curved teeth—positively quivering and ‘walking’ with the agitation of anger on the mobile jaws—and I push it down to the stomach, first with a ruler, and then by squeezing upon it with my hands from the outside, a mechanical suasion which requires to be maintained for some little time, in order to ensure that the item of aliment shall remain *in statu quo*. In the intervals the youngster is not idle, and finds plenty of occupation in shifting the reptile's coils and in disengaging various parts of me from a too close embrace. And so we fill the beast up until he can hold no more. If we have nothing but meat, a handful of feathers, cinders, or some knotted string wound round the lumps supply the place of bones and fur, as far as digestion and nutrition are concerned; and under this régime of mine, which has now stood the test of years, my snakes thrive, and—in captivity, at least—excel in health, beauty, and strength any of those that feed themselves. I have much to learn yet, of course—perhaps, eventually, I shall cram all that come into my hands, without



Photo by F. Downer, Watford.

MASTER STRADLING.

waiting to see whether they are willing to help themselves or not—but, anyhow, I have succeeded in saving the lives of those which display that singular disposition to suicide by total abstinence manifested by the large majority of them after capture.”

When he has finished his explanation, the doctor bares an arm, and, showing a scar as large as the palm of the hand, says, “What do you think that is?” You dare not suggest, though you are not surprised to learn, that it is the result of a snake-bite. “One of the objects—I may say, the principal object—of my studies with serpents,” says the doctor, “was to discover a prophylactic, and I was convinced early in my researches that the quest of a specific antidote is futile. But I established,

by test of venoms on my own person, that it is possible to protect the body against the severity of the effects by a process analogous to vaccination for small-pox. These scars are the results of my experiments, during which I deliberately allowed venomous snakes to bite me."

Among other interesting facts, you learn that the snakes that were used by Miss Florence St. John in "The Great Mogul" were lent by Dr. Stradling. The actress at first showed great antipathy, but soon grew accustomed and positively attached to them, so much so that at the end of the run of the piece she begged to be allowed to keep one. The snakes used were chiefly royal pythons, changed with carpet-snakes.

#### LITTLE-KNOWN FACTS ABOUT SNAKES.

Without arms or legs, without wings or feet, yet able to run, swim, dive, climb the highest tree, or burrow in the earth; carnivorous in the most strictly limited sense, and compelled to seize and slaughter for their whole subsistence the animals which might form the prey of a lion or leopard, though destitute of hands, fingers, toes, or claws, of the faculty of scent for tracking or of speed for pursuit; creatures capable alike of swallowing in one morsel a meal more than equivalent to their own weight and bulk, and of absolute abstinence from food for two years or over; creatures who incur dislocations of the bones every time they eat, such as would constitute a fatal injury to any other animal; who possess but one lung and no breast-bone, who walk on their ribs, sleep with their eyes open, slip out of their skins every few weeks, and put out their tongues

while their mouths are firmly shut—how in the name of editorial despotism are their portents and prodigies, the marvels, miracles, and phenomena general of the Order to be presented within the space at my disposal?

"Mention the popular errors that exist in the public mind with regard to them, and point out wherein the mistakes lie!" But what is there concerning a serpent that is *not* erroneous as conceived in that psychic mystery the public mind? The grossest fallacies still darken that section of the Press devoted to "popular" natural history, while circumstances as patent to those who have spent their lives in daily companionship with reptiles, as I have done, as the facts that a cat detests the water but loves fish, are positively incredible to the balance of humanity who have led a snakeless existence. Is even the omniscient schoolboy yet purged of the superstitions that a serpent is torpid instead of rather more than usually active after a good meal, and that cold makes it listless and indisposed to bite? Does he know that, despite the veneniferous significance of the very word "snake" according to popular concept, more than seven-eighths of the whole number of species are void of venom? that no specimen can see anything distinctly at a distance



Photo by the London Stereoscopic Co., Regent Street.  
MR. MASKELYNE AS PROFESSOR ZOOROOSTER.

equal to twice its own length? and that its lidless eyes become opaque to blindness for some days preceding each casting of the skin—a process which takes place at intervals of from two to six weeks, *not* once a year? Is he aware that, while they are pre-eminently heat-loving creatures, they hate sunshine, though they may at times brave exposure to it for the sake of warmth not otherwise attainable? A whip-snake of mine, not long arrived from Trinidad and in perfect health, was killed by the absence of efficient protection from the direct rays of the sun on May 8, 1893, and a brood of new-born rattlesnakes at the Zoo died in this way.

The boa-constrictor, to which my son and I in the picture are administering nutriment by the simple expedient of opening its mouth and pushing a dead rat down its throat, is the individual which swallowed its cage-mate *plus* two pigeons at the Gardens some months ago. All species of boas are delicate and rarely thrive in captivity, and I attribute my exceptional good-fortune with them solely to this practice of "cramming." Mr. Nevil Maskelyne, as Professor Zoorooster in his latest sketch, "Modern Witchery," is handling another variety, a half-grown tree-boa from my collection, at the present time the only specimen of its kind in Europe—or, indeed, in the Eastern hemisphere. He introduces it with weird effect in the great incantation scene, in which a plank with a man lying upon it rises and remains in mid-air without visible suspense or support. Whether it would do so without the influence of the boa, or what will happen when we substitute another species, as we propose to do shortly, is not for me to conjecture; suffice it to say that Mr. Maskelyne has exhibited the serpent in question twice



Photo by F. Downer, Watford.

CRAMMING A BOA.

daily since Aug. 1, without any misadventure save once, when the reptile, after a "gorgé" of white mice, was so far affected by loss of its natural prehensility, combined with acquired confidence in its manipulator, as to fall from his arm, to the discomfiture of the hypnotised Mahatma.

If there is anything in connection with a snake more wonderful than the way in which it feeds, it is the way in which it *doesn't* feed. One of mine bolted a couple of rabbits on or about Christmas Day, 1881. Throughout the two following years it declined all nourishment whatever, though it changed its skin at regular periods, and continued in perfect health; nor did it eat again until January, 1884, when it took a small bird. After that date it fed freely, and grew again. This, however, is small beer compared to the perfectly authentic instance of the snail in the British Museum, which was found to be alive after a four years' sojourn in one of the cases, glued to a card. Some serpents are cannibals. In the Cromwell Road collection there is a coral-snake, killed in the act of devouring an individual of another species one inch longer than itself; at the time of capture, the half-swallowed specimen was of so rare a kind that no other museum in Europe contained an example. A vast variety of animals prey upon the ophidia—not only professional snake-eaters like pigs, weasels, mongooses, and raptorial birds, but many less familiar as ophiophagists—sharks, pheasants, and armadillos. Take them all round, snakes are curiously stupid, so much so that one is compelled to marvel that they should have survived in the great competition. The smallest lizard—even a slowworm—or a bird, with its smooth, wretched brain, are positively bright and intelligent by comparison; the evidence afforded by a young grass-snake and a newly hatched lizard, each struggling with a big worm, will convince any spectator of this. Nevertheless, the "tribe accurst" is still on the ascending curve of evolution.

ARTHUR STRADLING.



Photo by F. Downer, Watford.  
CRAMMING A BOA.

## THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



MINISTER (to one of his parishioners who has "got a wee drap in his ee") : "Ah ! Thomas, I doubt you're on the broad road ! "

THOMAS : " Hie ! it's nae braid cneuch for me noo."



*There was nothing doing in Monkeydom.*



*When news came that a stranger was coming to learn their language they were knocked all of a heap beside themselves.*



*Monkeydom wore all its fur out in giving itself up to buck-slanging the question inside out.*



*There was so much brainwork used in discussing the matter that there was an appreciable development in the brain-power of the race.*



*When the Professor came along in all his worldly simplicity with a phonograph for them to talk into—*



*The whole race sized him up and down, as a phenomenon of a particular class.*



*They remarked in language both painful, and frequent, and free on the Professor as an inferior specimen of their race.*



*At a lecture the Professor interprets the monkey language direct from the phonograph.*



MR. A. "Beastly cold weather! What have you done about coals? I got in enough for the whole winter at 21s. per ton."

MR. Z. "My dear fellow! you should have done what I did. I bought twenty tons at 18s."

MR. A. "But I have no place to put them in."

MR. Z. "Neither had I, but I built a place."

## THE NEW RENAISSANCE.

**SCENE:** *The Conservatory at a dance. They are sitting out the "You should see my coat-tails flying" polka. She is "awfully clever" in the new style, but pretty in the old.*

**HE.** And you really do hate men?

**SHE.** Say, rather, I disapprove of them.

**HE.** That is still more crushing. But why?

**SHE.** See what they have made of the world—and of woman!

**HE.** Well, they did their best—with the world, I mean. As for woman, are you quite sure she hasn't as much as she deserves?

**SHE.** What she deserves! We intend to have what we want. But I am speaking of civilised man. For man of the more primitive type, I have less contempt.

**HE.** Do you mean before he had discarded his hairy hide, or before he had invented a dress-coat?

**SHE.** I simply mean before he had learnt to conceal his atavisms.

**HE** (*a little bewildered*). Where does he hide them?

**SHE** (*dissainfully*). With the rest of his baser instincts.

**HE** (*slightly annoyed, and conscious that he has "instincts"*). Well, I suppose there is some human nature in Woman still.

**SHE.** Too much; still, she is rapidly ceasing to be a glorified squaw.

**HE.** Is she?

**SHE** (*with an inflection of asperity in her voice*). Why, even you must have perceived that we are developing a new type, in which intellect is the "predominant partner."

**HE** (*laughing*). Don't infringe Rosebery's patents! But, upon my word, I can't see any change in women. Perhaps it's because I'm a bit dull. At all events, you are as pretty as ever.

**SHE** (*brilliantly imperceptibly, but pleased*). Pretty! Yes; pretty monkeys, taught to perform tricks to please men! I hate to hear a man suggest I am pretty.

**HE.** I beg your pardon. The insult was general; it has no personal application, of course. I know you are a philosopher.

**SHE** (*crossly*). If you mean that I prefer that serious subjects should be seriously discussed, I am.

**HE.** I'm quite serious. Look here! How far had we got? Oh, I know! You said that the coming woman is going to be all intellect. I hope so. There is nothing like brains!

**SHE** (*looking at him doubtfully*). That is a predilection one would hardly expect from you.

**HE.** You mustn't be hard on a neophyte, and judge a man entirely by his exterior. Some of us have depths you wouldn't expect. We are not quite the arboreal apes you think us. The apes are a long way off—now. I don't even believe in the ancestral tail.

**SHE** (*mollified by the earnestness of his manner*). I don't mean you to infer that I consider all men fools, but only that they are too undeveloped to understand us.

**HE.** I understand you instinctively. I always know what a woman wants—when she knows herself.

**SHE** (*with indignant contempt*). You! You haven't a notion. There is a side in natures like yours that renders it impossible.

**HE** (*aside*). She'll make me blush!—You do me injustice. I respect women awfully. If I didn't, I wouldn't be a bachelor. If other fellows thought of them as highly as I do the world would become annihilated in a generation. (*Aside*) I wonder if she'll stand that?

**SHE** (*looking interested*). I see you have been reading the "Kreutzer Sonata." Tolstoi's views are exaggerated, but not ignoble. The book is evidence of an awakening.

**HE** (*secretly enjoying the joke*). Isn't it? Still, I cannot quite see how the world will get all its rough work done without these instincts of which we are so justly ashamed. Machinery can't do everything. Society must be kept going, and, under existing conditions, the co-operation of women is necessary.

**SHE.** You make me shudder!

**HE.** I beg your pardon, but I never shirk problems, however painful. But tell me more about the coming woman. Will she be beautiful?

**SHE** (*dreamily*). Very beautiful and flower-like, but quite human, and, in all, man's superior. She will make the literature and poetry for the world, and leave the machinery and arithmetic to man. The great novel of the future will be written by her. Beside it, all other fiction will fade into insignificance.

**HE.** Will there be a hero in it? Hitherto, women have been so successful in drawing men—big men, fond of fighting, and of running away with their friends' wives. When I was young, I tried to be like this ideal; but there was no one to fight, and no one wanted to run away with me, so I decided to be simply myself, and—*me roi!* !

PERCY WHITE.



FATHER: "I've very likely got your watch back if you can remember its number."

DAUGHTER: "Yes; I've written it on a slip of paper."

FATHER: "Where is it?"

DAUGHTER: "In the back of the watch."

## OLD COURT COSTUMES.

Many and wonderful are the disguises to which lovely woman has at all times and periods been subject in the matter of dress, but, of all passions and paroxysms of fantastic adornment to which she has variously fallen victim, Court costume at the end of last century and the beginning of the present may rank first in extravagance. Curiously enough, about 1780, English fashions were as widely in vogue on the Boulevards as in Bond Street, and, whatever the reason, it suddenly

universal *mélée* of multi-coloured bands worn by the entire population. That perpetual seed of folly which ever lurks in the topsy-turvy brain of the goddess Fashion now suddenly sprouted into magic beanstalk proportions, most especially in Court costumes. See these belles of 1807 and 1808, for example. How the massive and monstrous hoop—or rather, farthingale—runs riotously over waist and hip, while endless folds of cumbersome brocade and satin are swathed and wound round these erections of steel and whalebone, which surround and surmount the dignity of a Court ceremonial. Styles of hair-dressing have in both these dates, it will be noticed, a somewhat



1777.



1807.



1808.

became modish to submit to British influence in all external arrangements of hat and habit. The only wear, therefore, for outdoor occasions resolved itself into jackets with waistcoats, frocks with huge metal buttons, and driving-coats, having as additions monstrous big lapels and triple capes, tight to the figure, while very long at the back. Men and maids alike took to wearing two watches, each with long chains hanging from the waistcoat. So the jewellers had an excellent time of it. The ladies—dear frivolous things—also sported cravats, "Cadogans," and "clubs," like men; the miscalled sterner sex, meanwhile, putting their fingers into muffs, and, by all accounts, taking no shame to themselves for such effeminacy. Our present summers, mightily gay as we think them, are but pale, insipid displays compared with the sartorial extravagances into which men, women, and children alike plunged in those last years of the last century. Lemon-yellow, cherry-pink, apple-green, and unflinching purples struggled together for a hearing on a single gown, and the summer of 1787 came to be called the "year of stripes" from the

Eastern atmosphere in their arrangement of ornaments and feathers. At the beginning of our century, it was, indeed, quite the most correct form to aim at a Turkish effect in head-gear. Serious, large-eyed beauties were very partial to this form of Orientalism, and all the world has seen Madame de Staél in her famous portrait and portentous turban, which was then in the zenith of popularity. Presently the turban grew larger and still more vast. Gauze scarfs and nodding plumes of astonishing length grew out of it, until at length it came to be considered the chief sign and distinguishing feature of maternal dignity, its fearful and awe-inspiring proportions being especially the emblem of mammas-in-law and dread duennas under the Restoration. From 1817 up to 1824 greater moderation in outline prevailed. Commonplace stiffness gave way to grace; and the "elegant" period, as it was called, can easily be traced in the loosely flowing skirts and ringleted beauties which old prints describe of that piping time of peace. Greatly befeathered heads on official occasions did still prevail, but



1810.



1817.



1821.

a general improvement on the foregoing whirligig of fashion was noticeable on ordinary occasions. After the fall of the French Empire, London began to send her fashions to Paris once again, and bag-shaped gowns, huge puffed sleeves, and enormous hats held the frivolous fair of both capitals for a time. The fashionable beauty of 1832 was decidedly a peculiar, but not altogether unpicturesque person. See her at a Court ball, for example: a sprightly, coquettish damsel, with short, voluminous skirts, to show the narrow, flat, slippered feet, and wide sleeves, with a far-away air, as if they were unconsciously slipping down hill, and had begun a more rapid descent at the shoulders. Notice her hair,

adorned the hair; while jewellery on a most generous scale—bracelets like manacles, chains like hawsers, and earrings like ships' anchors—to continue the nautical simile—were universally indulged in. The Second Empire modes and manners then came into being, and it may be truthfully asserted that woman—"beautuous woman"—here had it all her own way, and occupied three, not to say four, times as much space and place in the world as at any preceding period, not even excepting the Louis Quinze era, of cumbersome memory. Crinoline reigned supreme, and women bulged into balloon-like proportions, to the horror of husbands, fathers, and masculine friends generally;



1822.



1824.



1831.

demurely parted in front, and secured with "bands," lest a stray, erratic curl should make free with her shining forehead. But the feather, meanwhile, the playful, nodding, naughtily inclined feather, contradicts all this rigid virtue of coiffure, and sports among those tightly gathered curls at the back of a fair or dark head as if it wantedon in an overlooked liberty which the rest of the costume was denied.

In 1834-5 and up to 1850 women committed themselves to the voluminous entirely. From their very wide and ornamental petticoats—over which the Court gown opened, spread out, and flowed away, up to the rows of chubby curls which, worn at each side of the face, were sentimentally called "heart-breakers" (*accroche-coeur*) in Paris, and equally inelegantly "spit curls" in England—everything was wide, full, and overflowing. Flowers, combs, sprigs of feathers, and looped satin

but the cult of inflation prevailed notwithstanding, and grew, attaining gradually a greater radius, until we can imagine the side-paths, vehicles, and hall-doors of 1855 to 1865 admitting, but not accomodating, the blown-out beauties of that misguided period. What a Drawing Room day in the Presence Chamber of a '65 ceremonial must have been only those who can remember its crushing and crinolined crowds can say. The extravagances to which we submit ourselves at this end of the century come within very moderate limitations as compared with the measureless flights of fancy to which our ancestresses gave unlimited way; and, whatever may be said of our later-day mannerisms a generation or so hence, it must be at least conceded that we circumscribed the radius of our follies and fashions within a very unobtrusive boundary.



1833.



1834.



1835.

## CURIOS EFFECTS IN THE TREATMENT OF CORPULENCY.

The old-fashioned methods of curing obesity were based upon the adoption of a sort of starvation dietary. Would any reader now believe that by the new orthodox treatment a stout patient can take almost double his usual quantity of food, and yet decrease one or two pounds of fat daily for a time? This is very singular, and directly hostile to previous opinions held by medical authorities, yet it is a fact. The author of the comparatively new system in question explains that the person under treatment is restored to a healthier state in the small space of twenty-four hours. Having lost probably two pounds of superfluous deposit, the organs display great activity, and more food is required. By standing on a weighing-machine the proof of reduction is incontrovertibly shown daily. In serious cases a five-pound to ten-pound weekly loss is registered, until the person approaches his or her normal weight; then the diminution becomes less pronounced, the muscles firmer, the brain more active, less sleep is desired, and finally a cure effected. Compiled reprints of medical and other journals and interesting particulars, including the book entitled "Corpulency, and the Cure" (256 pages), containing the "recipe," which is quite harmless, can be obtained post free from Mr. Russell, of Woburn House, 27, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., by enclosing 6d. stamps.

*The following extracts are from other journals:*

## SHOULD STOUT PERSONS STARVE THEMSELVES?

We are afraid that semi-starvation as a cure for corpulency prevails very much to a dangerous degree. Mr. Archer, the late well-known popular jockey, was in the habit of going without food for a long stretch in order that he could ride a certain horse at its weight, and there is not much doubt that the debility resulting from this habit of abstinence was certainly not conducive to combating the dire attack of fever which was perhaps indirectly responsible for the untimely end, in the zenith of his fame, of this unfortunate but accomplished horseman. Even Mary Jane in the kitchen will eat sparingly of the food allowed her, while she will seek to reduce her fat by copious draughts from the vinegar cruet, and succeeds only

in injuring the coats of her stomach—the forerunner of dyspeptic troubles which will be difficult to overcome. The Continental medicos seem to advocate this great reduction of ordinary foods, but one of these savants suggests that the stout person should eat considerably of fatty meats in order that the appetite may be appeased, and consequently less food required, so that practically this is indirectly advocating semi-starvation. On the other hand, Mr. Russell, the British specialist, takes a different course. He says, "Eat as much as you like," and as it is an acknowledged fact that under his treatment persons lose from 2 lb. to 12 lb. per week, it beyond doubt stands out pre-eminent against those so-called starvation cures "made in Germany." Some claim that Mr. Russell has to insist upon his patients drinking hot water every morning; but, on the contrary, he avers that it is dangerous to do so, and has, of course, never advised it. No, the success of Mr. Russell's treatment is incomparably beyond other specialists, for he resorts to no stringent dietary, and simply prescribes a harmless vegetable tonic combination which is the outcome of years of study and botanical research. We advise all those interested in this question to get his book, the price of which is only 6d. It is entitled "Corpulency, and the Cure" (256 pages), and is published by him at Woburn House, 27, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.—*The Million*.

## CURIOUS EXPERIMENTS IN CORPULENCY.

A Mr. Russell, author and specialist in obesity, has experimentally tried the effect of administering large doses to moderate lean persons of his well-known herbal discovery, which is so marvellously effectual in reducing superfluous fat, with the result that there is not the slightest alteration or diminution of weight recorded, thereby proving conclusively to our minds that it is only the unhealthy adipose waste tissue which is destroyed, for after dispensing a few fluid ounces of his remarkable vegetable compounds he succeeds in destroying the diseased fatty mass at the rate of from 2 lb. to even 12 lb. in seven days. There can be no ambiguity about it, for any person can test this for himself by standing upon a weighing-machine. He explains that all lean persons carry a certain amount of fat necessary for the natural

production of heat in the body, but Nature has only stored up her requisite stock in the healthy system, which she most zealously guards, and thus declines to part with an ounce to the persuasions of Mr. Russell's vegetable tonic, however immoderate the dose may be, which testifies abundantly to the fact that it is only a chemical solvent of insalubrious adipose tissue. There is no doubt that the inventor of the composition must have possessed a profound vegetal knowledge in selecting this simple but peculiar combination.

Those who resort to the pernicious products of the mineral kingdom, or even the deleterious sections of the vegetable world, doubtless can decoct something powerful but injurious in its action; such, however, require no laudatory commendation; but Mr. Russell (we herewith append his address: Woburn House, 27, Store St., Bedford Square, London, W.C., the author of "Corpulency, and the Cure," 256 pages, price 6d. stamps, post free) makes no secret of the simplicity of his treatment, and avers that the decoction can be drunk as a refreshing summer drink, pleasant to the palate, yet having sufficient effect, although perfectly harmless, to remove generally 2 lb. or more in twenty-four hours. We think stout persons would do well to send for his book.—*Leeds Times*.

## GOOD NEWS FOR STOUT PERSONS.

It does not follow that a person need be the size of Sir John Falstaff to show that he is unhealthily fat. According to a person's height so should his weight correspond, and this standard has been prepared by Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., so that anyone can see at a glance whether or no he is too stout. People in the past have been wont to regard fatness as constitutional, and something to be laughed at rather than to be prescribed for seriously; but this is evidently an error, as persons whose mode of life has caused a certain excess of flesh require treating for the cause of that excess, not by merely stopping further increase, but by removing the cause itself. It is marvellous how this "Pasteur" and "Koch" of English discoverers can actually reduce as much as 14 lb. in seven days with a simple herbal remedy. His book (256 pages) only costs 6d., and he is quite willing to afford all information to those sending as above. It is really well worth reading.—*Forget-Me-Not*.

## Telegram from Russia.

send to aritchhoff Palace St  
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A subsequent letter, ordering a further supply of 50 bottles Mariani Wine, states that H.I.M. the Dowager Empress of Russia has derived the greatest benefit from its use.

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## Extract from COURT JOURNAL, January 12, 1895.

"The producers of 'Mariani Wine' should, according to report, soon have a splendid market in Russia for their nerve and brain tonic, as the Dowager Empress has, at the suggestion of the Princess of Wales, drunk it since the death of her Consort with the most remarkable and beneficial results. It seems that Her Majesty is one of the many delicate persons with whom stimulating drugs like quinine,

iron, and Peruvian bark disagree, but such is not the case with the wine tonic referred to. It is well-known that the Princess of Wales also derived increased strength of brains and nerves from it during her last great trials. Moreover, in consequence of the benefits obtained by the Empress, a great demand for this tonic has sprung up among ladies of the Russian aristocracy suffering from 'nerves.'

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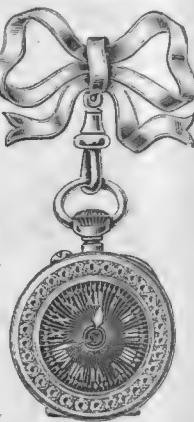


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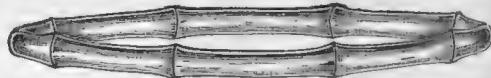
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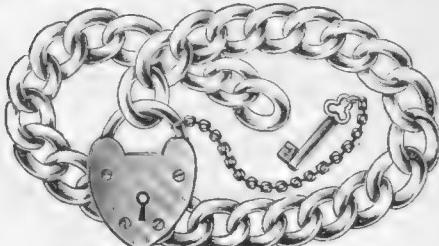


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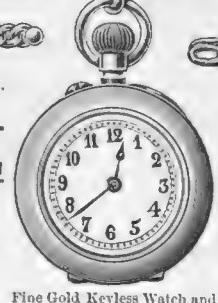


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## RIP-VAN-WINKLEISM UP-TO-DATE.

I can find little of novelty and little of interest in the exhibitions of the alleged trance productions in various subjects now being given at the Royal Aquarium. The world has been accustomed to very similar "experiments" for the last one hundred years and more: indeed, ever since Dr. Mesmer introduced his theory of animal magnetism under, as he asserted, planetary influence.



MR. EAMES.

All that is new about the present "show" is the gruesome realism connected with glass coffins and the protracted duration of the "trances." But a trance of six days' duration, or even one of four weeks, which Mr. Morritt, the "operator," believes he can induce, appears but a mere "forty winks" compared with the slumbers of Rip Van Winkle for twenty years in the Kaatskill Mountains, of Gyneth for five hundred years under the enchantment of Merlin, or of the "Seven Sleepers" for half that period.

After Mr. Eames, the "subject"—a wiry little man of about thirty-two years—had been awakened, and had retired, I followed him and put a few questions to him, purposing, however, to interview him more at length on another day.

"Well, how long do you feel to have been asleep?"

"A good long time; but I

was astonished I had not been asleep longer—I mean, apart from my own feelings—because Mr. Morritt told me he intended sending me off for ten days instead of six."

"And, physically, do you feel pretty fit?"

"Oh, yes—perhaps a little weak, like anyone would who had kept his bed for nearly a week; but I feel strong enough to lift a hundredweight."

"Tell me, are you hungry?"

"Not at all; but I don't mind confessing I could do very comfortably with a drink"—and then the wicked thought occurred to me as to what would have been the effect if one of the spectators, during his trance, had asked him, "Name your poison, Eames?" and the astonishment that would have ensued if Eames had sat up and replied, "A little drop of Scotch, my dear, and don't forget the lemon!"

"Why did you struggle with Mr. Morritt when he brought you to?"

"I was a bit dazed. It seemed to me that someone was waking me from a comfortable snooze, and so I hit out."

"I hope that's not the way you behave when your 'missus' calls you to get up and go to work," I said; but I did not add that the same phenomenon often succeeds the administration of anesthetics. "Well, good-night, Mr. Eames"—as I put on my overcoat; "meet me on Monday at the buffet, when the clock strikes three."

But on Monday I found it was not to be a *Hölle-a-füll*. We were "to go one better." Professor—I beg his pardon—"Charles Morritt" joined us.

"Your usual occupation is that of a railway porter, is it not?" I commenced, interrogating Eames.

"Well, I am in the railway service," he replied, evidently preferring that euphemistic paraphrase which might equally have applied to another "sleeper" I wot of.

"Is this your first experience of dosing professionally?"

"Well, I suppose you mean—how long have I been an hypnotic subject?" Almost as long as I can remember—from eleven years old up, in fact."

"Is that so?" I vaingloriously remarked in my astonishment, while possibly I did not altogether unresistibly resemble this "subject" of twenty years' experiment in hypnotic science.

"I have been at it more or less ever since. I can relate to you a funny episode. I was walking along the street with Mr. ——, one of the professors of hypnotism, when he suddenly said, as we passed a fishmonger's shop, "Why don't you take up that bottle and have a drink?" Whether I was a bit "boozed," I don't know; but I did so. Perhaps my governor had been trying on his tricks, for all at once I found I was trying to swallow a mackerel."

Then I plied Eames with questions as to his other experiences, but, beyond that Mr. Morritt has repeatedly engaged his services, I elicited little. Indeed, I quite endorse his own account of himself, that he is "a mysterious person"—a description which tallies, I understood him to say, with that given of him by his friends.

Then I turned to Mr. Morritt, and addressed to him a word or two.

"What is necessary in a good subject?" I asked.

"Perfect accord. My best successes are with those who have the firmest faith in me. Please bear in mind that I don't profess to prove any theory. These exhibitions are purely experiments demonstrating the insensibility of the subject under hypnosis. If they shall lead to the alleviation of pain under surgical operation, so much the better."

"And what would happen supposing you were to die while the subject was entranced?"

"My belief is that he would wake of himself after a while, say in three weeks, or he might be awakened by an hypnotic expert. But, undoubtedly, the 'subject' is more amenable to the original operator."

"I suppose you feel sure you would start off to Madrid if Mr. Morritt so willed it?" I asked, reverting to his patient.

"Yes, I believe I should."

"On the whole, you don't feel that these experiments affect your health?"

"Not a bit. After this six days' sleep I am able to resume my ordinary life as to drinking, eating, and sleeping the same as usual."

What could be more satisfactory?

## "THE ORIENT" AT OLYMPIA.

Those who have already seen "The Orient" at Olympia will find it difficult to credit the statement that so magnificent a spectacle is capable of any extensive improvement. And yet the management, now that the show has passed its hundredth performance, have discovered methods of making it brighter, quicker in action, more diverting, and more attractive in every way. The Lily has been painted, and has been improved in the process. The Syrian swordsmen, who as a mere side-show were lost among the multitudinous entertainments, have now been introduced into the scene of the fight under the shadow of the Pyramids, and the apparent recklessness and ferocity of their sword-play give a stirring air of verisimilitude to that erstwhile unconvincing encounter. There is a separate thrill in every whiz of their blades. Into the Old English act all sorts of pleasing novelties have been introduced. The musical hobby-horses, ridden by four-and-twenty pretty Morris-dancers, repeat the famous jingling airs of "Constantinople," and will draw the town by their tuneful bells. The comic skaters give an example of lady-footsballing on rollers, and certain clowns, who contribute to the fun of this scene, are assisted by a trick donkey as droll as that of the celebrated Blondin breed, but with a form of business all its own. But the most effective innovation of all is indisputably the musical aquatic pageant. Four of the eight City Companies' barges now carry choristers, who gaily sing as the procession advances, and the music floats over the water with charming effect. The anvil accompaniment, on the Cutlers' barge, rings out clear and true; the electric lights, mingling with the vine-leaves and grapes which festoon the Vintners' barge, throw the pageant into unexpected brilliancy; and, when the curtain descends upon this part, one feels that the spectacle has ended upon the highest note of its crescendo of beautiful sights. In the illusions in the Eastern Galleries great changes have been made. "A Giddy Girl" is wonderful enough, in all conscience; for upon a swing which slowly revolves, exhibiting her all round, rests the head and bust of a young lady, whose other half is, like Jeames's birth, "wropt in mystery." But "Guimare, the Ocean Nymph," is certainly entitled to the claim made on her behalf by Mr. George Edwardes, that no illusion so startling and beautiful as this has ever before been invented. She springs from the sea, disports



Illustration by Russell and Son, Baker Street.

SOME AMAZONS.

herself in mid-air without visible means of support, and dives head first into her native ocean, if there were any veracity at all in the old saw which declared that seeing was believing. But one cannot refer to all the other new sights in detail. Wherever the Donnybrook Irishman saw a head, his motto was to hit it; wherever the directors of Olympia can discover a vacant site for a fresh attraction, their motto has been to fill it.

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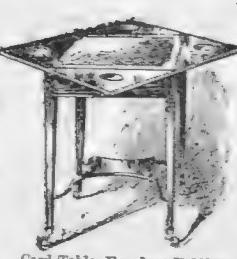
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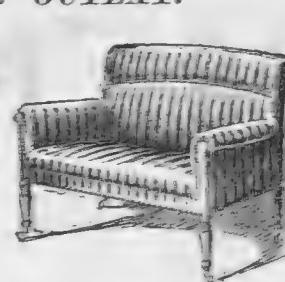
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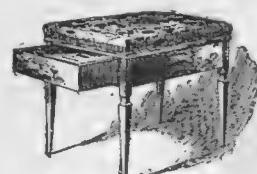
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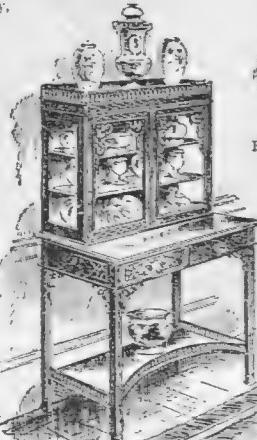
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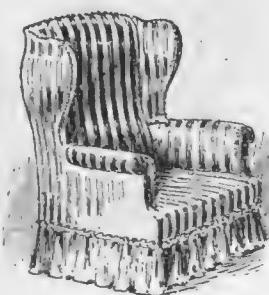
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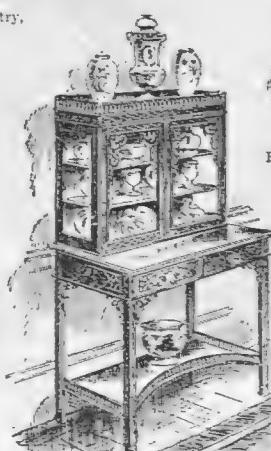
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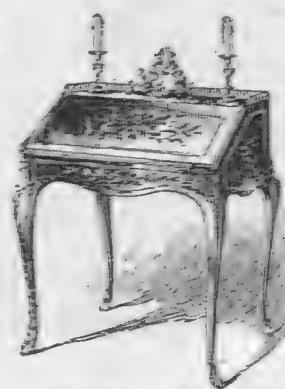
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Yours faithfully, MARIA KELSEY.



Clarice Villa, Grove Road,  
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December 6, 1894.  
Mr. G. Mellin.  
Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in enclosing a photo of our baby boy, Harold Montague, taken at the age of ten months. Since he was three months old he has been fed entirely on Mellin's Food, and is and always has been in perfect health, and is considered by all our friends to be a grand advertisement for your Food.  
Yours faithfully, HUBERT L. BURNISTON.



Brooks's Bar,  
Manchester, August 1, 1894.  
Mr. G. Mellin.  
Dear Sir,—I am sending you a photograph of one of my little patients who has been brought up on Mellin's Food. The photograph was taken when he was nine months old, and I have very great pleasure in saying that he is the finest baby I have ever met with in my practice.—Yours very truly,  
\_\_\_\_\_, M.B., Mast. Surg.

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## HORS D'OEUVRES.

The late interesting prosecutions for Press-blackmailing in Paris have been more curious for their incidental disclosures than even for the facts relating to the actual culprits brought to justice. That certain editors and writers on journals of comparatively little repute should hit upon the brilliant idea of threatening to denounce clubs where gambling went on, and taking considerable sums for their silence, is not wonderful. We have financial journals in London—or have had such—that treated financial companies in much the same way, and could be appeased and convinced of the financial soundness of a new undertaking only by a liberal advertisement. And, indeed, some of the Paris papers contain so very little matter that, unless the writers were paid well for what they do not write, it is hard to see how they are to live. It is also hard to see why they should be allowed to live.

It will be amusing to see what is the effect of the recent disclosures on the attitude of those Englishmen—mostly of the Little England persuasion—who are so fond of boring us with “the opinion of the civilised world.” This generally means the Paris newspapers, for few politicians read German, and fewer still Italian. Besides, a fair number of German and Italian newspapers are favourable to the continuance of the British Empire, and, hence, must be excluded from “the civilised world.” But when that remarkable abstraction is hurled at us again by some anti-patriotic journalist or Positivist, we shall be able to answer that the “opinion of the civilised world” means the Paris papers, and the Paris Press, apart from a very few organs with a good circulation, is worked by blackmail. It is terrible for England to be branded daily and weekly by a fervid French patriot as perfidious, grasping, yet decadent and doomed to swift destruction; yet, when you learn that the typical French champion rejoices in the name of Rosenthal, it somehow seems to render his wrath less formidable.

In fact, I imagine it would be possible, by expending a stout slice of the Suez Canal surplus, to make the Paris Press—alias “the opinion of the civilised world”—as Anglophilic as it is often Anglophobe. Not that this would be of the slightest advantage to England! Genuine French public opinion would remain as before, and the vagaries of a subsidised Press would mislead only Englishmen. A Government that bribes the Press at home or abroad lives in a fool’s paradise, unable to gauge the real force of the friendship or hostility of its own subjects, or of foreign peoples. “The opinion of the civilised world” is not worth buying, even cheap; neither is it by any means worth being afraid of if it should be hot against us.

It is a common error among the impetuous and uninstructed to exaggerate the importance and the malevolence of the average newspaper critic. Those who know critics know that they are much as other men—their ignorance as great, though more skilfully disguised; their hearts by no means marble, nor even enamelled slate. Wherefore, it is somewhat amusing to find that gifted lady Miss Marie Corelli still pressing on our notice the “remainder biscuit” of her striking tale, “Barabbas,” and the criticisms thereon. Surely the fact that the book is in its fourteenth edition should be balm for any wound. But the stings still rankle; the memory of what this and that and the other journalist said is still vivid; the venomous hatred, the culpable ignorance, the gross injustice of each unfavourable judge must be set down with due anathema, in a style singularly like that of an anonymous work published not long ago under the title of “The Silver Domino,” a work which, if I remember rightly, found little to praise in the world of letters except—Miss Marie Corelli.

But wherefore complain of critics? The book has sold well, and that is (for the author) the main thing. Does a dramatist or a theatrical manager care for half-a-dozen separate “slatings” of his play by the same eminent critic, if his stalls be taken for months ahead? I trow not. And it is painful to think how little the gifted lady in question appreciates irony. Mr. Zangwill, with a touch of the Heinesque, remarked that he, as a Hebrew, was not the person to criticise an “attack on Christianity,” obviously meaning thereby that the cheap sentimentality of the female novelist, like the vulgar familiarity of the Salvation Army, damages only the sacred persons and things that it intends to glorify. But, no—the novelist threatened proceedings, and the authorities of the *Pall Mall Magazine* wisely apologised, for a British jury knows not irony.

I have not read, and, perhaps, never shall read, the adventures of Barabbas; but if he be like Miss Corelli’s other heroes, the text should be altered, to read thus: “Now Barabbas was a rotter.”—MARMITON.

## RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

I believe, when M. Max Lebaudy has completed his term of military service in France, he will buy a big country-house in England and race in this country. I think the Jockey Club might allow him to ride on equal terms with the jockeys, as I am told he is very clever in the saddle. I believe Captain Shaw, a good judge, advises M. Lebaudy in horsey matters. The Captain has had a lengthy experience of the Turf.

That very safe scribe Mr. John Corlett was the first to give publicity to the rumour that the Premier would like Charley Wood (in the absence of Watts) to ride Sir Visto in the Derby. No one conversant with the facts can deny

that Wood has been punished with undue severity, and, if the powers that be are to ever temper justice with mercy, now is their time. So far as I am able to discover, the only thing that was proved against Wood was the fact that he owned a share in a racehorse—not an unpardonable crime, I take it. All those owners who had employed Wood were only too ready to come forward and speak to his *bona fides*. And, in analysing the running of platers like Success, plenty of good judges would have gone into the past performances of Tessie, which were, I think, quite as erratic as those of her one-time conqueror. Wood is, as all the racing world knows, a rich man; but I happen to know that no amount of money would compensate him for the “loss of his liberty,” and, taking the meanest calculation, he has already been fined over £20,000 by his enforced idleness. For the sake of his own reputation, and that of his wife and children, Wood is anxious to regain his old position on the Turf, and I am among the number who wish him good luck. I may add that Wood is living the country gentleman’s life at his place in Sussex. He enjoys the best of health, and, without much trouble, could go to scale at a little over eight stone. If the Jockey Club will only consider the question, they will, I feel confident, decide it in Wood’s favour, and he may, after all, ride Sir Visto to victory at Epsom.

Sporting literature has been at a discount for many weeks past, and I hear that several of the little weekly tipping sheets have had a terrible struggle for existence this winter. There is no denying the fact that the sporting public do not take kindly to steeplechasing. Perhaps, like the late Mr. Fred Swindell, they do not care to see their money flying in the air. Anyway, speculation over jumping-races has been at a very low ebb for years past, and it is not likely to improve.

The severe frost may have a beneficial effect on some of our racecourses. I fancy it will do the clay soil of Gatwick a deal of good, and, if Major Clements has the Ascot track covered with manure, there ought to be a surplusage of strong herbage by the time the meeting comes to be held on June 18. Courses like Plumpton are always good going, because the grass is never cut. The Kempton turf, too, is strong, but Mr. Hyde takes the precaution to sow grass-seed in the spring, and other managers should do the same.

It is extremely difficult to write anything about the Lincoln Handicap, as the majority of the candidates are so backward that I cannot see where the winner is to spring from. Lottie’s Dude is being supported in earnest by somebody, and it is in the colt’s favour that he was fit so recently as last November; and history teaches us that horses that have been kept in training late come out fresh in the following spring. It is said that Amandier will be Hayhoe’s best, but Medicis would very nearly win if he were sent to the post. Carrick, too, is likely to run well.

I am very glad to notice that the Grand National is being freely discussed by many men. Opinions are divided as to Cloister’s ability to carry the weight. I think he will do so comfortably if allowed to go from end to end at his own pace. Of course, some of the light-weights will try to bustle him out of the race, but, barring accidents, I think Mr. Duff’s champion will win. At the same time, I should not be so confident if one or two of the big bookmakers were anxious to lay against him, as was the case last year.



*Photo by Hawkins and Co., Brighton.*  
CHARLEY WOOD.

## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## FOOTBALL.

Everything comes to those who wait, even the Rugby International. In spite of the fact that in recent years Wales and Ireland have made tremendous strides in the Rugby game, and are, to all intents and purposes, the equals of the other two nations, the meeting of Scotland and England is always regarded as the event of the season. I believe I am right in saying that Scotsmen would rather lose to the other two nations than lose to England, while if the representatives of the Rose can only defeat Scotland they are happy. I suppose this feeling is largely accounted for by the fact that, from the commencement of international matches, the two leading countries have always found in each other foemen worthy of their steel. Probably, too, some of the old racial feeling survives which found its fuller expression as long ago as Flodden and Bannockburn. In the far North the Englishman is still the Sassenach, and to the Southerner the hardy Scot represents the Gael. These racial feelings, however, have, through a long course of years and friendly meetings on the football-field, become chastened and subdued. Of personal animosity there is absolutely none, and all that each side asks is a fair field and no favour. I had a run down to Richmond, the other day, to see how the arrangements for the International match were being carried out. The turf at the Old Deer Park looked in splendid condition, and workmen were busy putting the finishing touches to a temporary grand stand at the side of the permanent one. Seats have also been erected right round the field inside the ropes, and there are various other devices for increasing the comfort and accommodation of the spectators. By the time these lines are read, the whole of the reserve tickets will have been sold, and those who want to view the match will require to be on the ground very early in the day. Provided the weather be fine, I shall not be surprised to see twenty-five thousand people present.

I well remember the last International played at Richmond between the Rose and the Thistle. At the beginning of the match everybody appeared to be shouting for England, and, to judge by the cries, there was not a Scottie on the ground. This may have gone on for ten minutes, until Clauss dropped that wonderful goal. Then a few faint voices were heard shouting "Scotland, Scotland!" and when the braw lads scored again, the chorus swelled until one heard nothing but "Play up, Scotland!" and one would have imagined that there was not an Englishman present. That was four years ago, and since then England have only won one match as against Scotland's three. It is quite time that the Rose commenced to hold up its head again on English soil. I think it will do so this year. Not for many years has England been so strongly represented, and never since international contests began has a team had so many opportunities of playing together. As all the world knows, the team, with one exception, is a Southern one. The men know each other's game, they play in a similar style, and, if they do not achieve success this season, one would almost despair of us ever being able to beat Scotland again.

No doubt the Scots, too, have a fine Fifteen—one that will take a lot of beating, and one that will play a dour game right up to the finish. There are not many of the present Scottish Fifteen who took part in the match on the same ground four years ago. It is rather odd, however, that the oldest member of the present team was also the oldest member of the last team. I refer to Captain Gibson, who, although a veteran in years, probably puts as much strength and skill into his work as young McEwan, a boy of eighteen. W. Neilson, who again plays for Scotland, made his début as an International player on the same ground four years ago, when he was only seventeen. No matter which side may win next Saturday, we shall be sure to see a notable and a noble contest.

Although the Cup-ties have, to a large extent, overshadowed the League contest, there are still a few matches of the utmost importance to be played. At the moment, Sunderland hold the leading place, and, with ordinary luck, they ought to finish at the top. They have still five matches to play, and, of these, only one is at home. Next Saturday, Sunderland have to travel to Sheffield to meet the United, a club which, only the other day, defeated Everton in a League match by four goals to two. Much will depend on what Sunderland are able to do in this match. They have also to meet Liverpool; Sheffield Wednesday, and Burnley away. The Wednesday match they may lose, but the others they ought to win.

Everton are now the only team with any chance of rivalling Sunderland. They also have five matches to play, two at home, and three away. As their away matches are against Sunderland, Burnley, and Aston Villa, their chances of winning the Championship are very slight. The home matches are against Wolverhampton Wanderers and Derby County, and these two ought to be won. Aston Villa, in all probability, will finish a very good third, and the fourth place may be fought out between Notts Forest and Blackburn Rovers.

## GOLF.

County Golf Associations are springing up on all hands. Already there are in existence Hampshire, Yorkshire, Norfolk, Nottingham, Leicester, Derby, Northampton, Lincoln, Rutland, a Midland Golf Union, and Unions representing Ireland and Wales. The first meeting of the Midland Golf Union is to be held next Saturday, at Northampton, to elect officers. The six leading Midland counties are included in the Union, and a championship meeting will probably be held on the course

at Bulwell Forest belonging to the Notts Golf Club. The competition will be on the same lines as the Yorkshire championship, and there will be an individual as well as a club championship. Each qualified club will enter teams of four.

## ATHLETICS.

During the last few weeks the running world has been concentrating its attention on cross-country matters, and only a short time ago H. Watkins, who wears the scarlet jersey of the Walthamstow Harriers, had the honour of again winning the Southern Senior Championship, in a manner so easy and confident that his supporters need have little fear as to the character of his running during the forthcoming season. H. Watkins has always distinguished himself as a long-distance competitor, and, although the course was heavy and difficult when the Southern Senior Championship came off at Wembley Park, he never appeared in the least distressed, and finished as game as the proverbial pebble. Wembley Park is, without doubt, an ideal venue for championships of this kind, and it was no surprise to athletic men when the Southern authorities announced that the national cross-country event would be decided here next Saturday.

The contest next Saturday is being looked forward to with a large amount of interest, and, seeing that George Crossland will not take part in this year's race, many good judges in the South are looking to Harry Watkins to bring the coveted honours back to London. Of course, I am now referring to individual honours. Not only did George Crossland win outright last year, but the club to which he belonged, the Salford Harriers, also established themselves national champions, having ousted the Essex Beagles from the title. The following clubs have entered: Airedale Harriers, Birchfield Harriers, Blackheath Harriers, Bolton Harriers, Crewe Harriers, Essex Beagles, Elysian Harriers, Finchley Harriers, Northwich Harriers, Polytechnic Harriers, Ranelagh Harriers, Salford Harriers (holders), South London Harriers, Thames Valley Harriers, Walthamstow Harriers and Cycling Club. Twelve competitors from each club will be allowed to start, and, with fine weather, and the course in good condition, we should see one of the most interesting struggles of the year. Essex Beagles will, of course, make a great effort to regain their lost laurels, but they will be strongly opposed by the Finchley Harriers, who, as a club, won the Senior Championship nearly a fortnight ago.

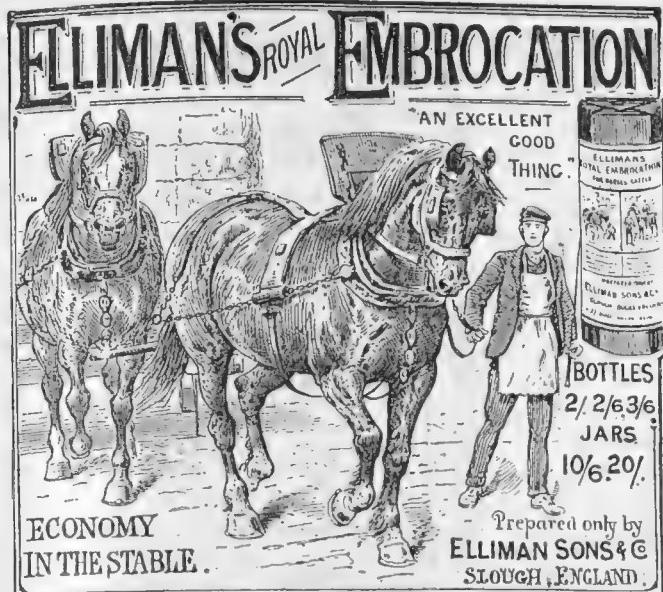
OLYMPIAN.

## IN THE CONCERT-ROOM.

When will the bagpipes—"ta crate Hielan pagpipes!"—be admitted by musicians to that full recognition which is its right? *Moi*, I am an intense admirer of the instrument with which Adam is believed to have solaced the innocent slumbers of Eve (all true Celts swear to this). This admiration, I am led to understand, is hereditary: my grandfather once spent the better part of a summer in the Highlands. But what I want to ask is, when will composers appreciate the tonic possibilities of the bagpipes, and give the "chanter and drones" a permanent place in the orchestra? Dvorák, in the first movement of his new symphony "From the New World," which Mr. Henschel presented at the Queen's Hall, on Thursday evening, for the first time in this country, has, consciously or unconsciously, imitated the bagpipes very successfully. But it is only an imitation, after all. The curious thing about this first movement is, that it is, as nearly as possible, a transcription of a bagpipe tune I have heard hundreds of times when a boy. The adagio is the *heureux quart d'heure* of the symphony; it created the nearest approach to enthusiasm I have yet seen in a Queen's Hall audience. Snatches of "Johnnie, get your gun," and other well-known negro melodies, are worked into the third and fourth movements in a very skilful fashion; that at the finish leaves one in a genial simmer of satisfaction. The Wagner selections, without which no Symphony programme would be complete, were the "Waldweben" (played rather raggedly, to my thinking) and a couple of songs, sung by Mrs. Henschel with the charm that is ever hers. Madame Augarde gave a brave rendering of Scharwenka's Scherzo in G flat, and Goldmark's "Sappho" overture, heard earlier in the season, was repeated.

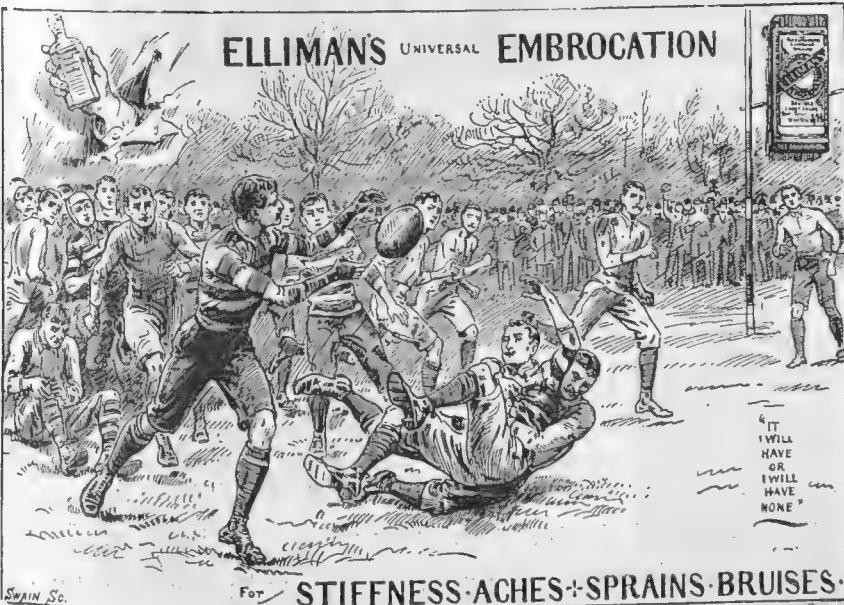
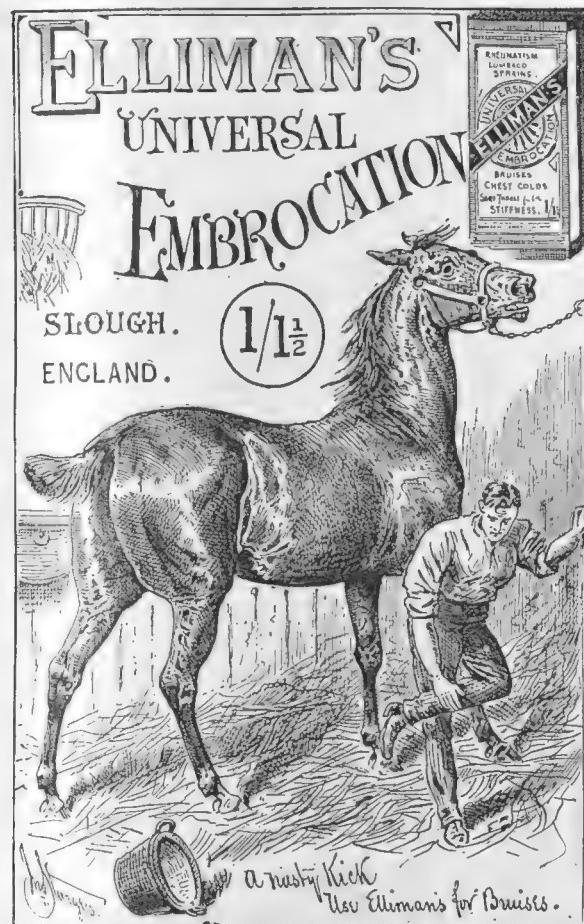
A very brilliant audience representing all sections of society assembled in St. James's Hall on Feb. 25 to greet Herr Joachim on his first appearance this season at the Popular Concerts. There were the silver-haired Archbishop of York; Lady Hallé, having the rare pleasure of listening instead of performing; Sir Frederick Leighton, in his customary stall on the left of the platform; Mrs. Mary Davies, liberal in bestowing the hearty applause she often gains in this hall; Sir A. C. Mackenzie, and many other musicians drawn thither by the irresistible magnet of Joachim, and most of the familiar habitués who make St. James's Hall their Monday Mecca. Punctually Dr. Joachim modestly led MM. Ries, Gibson, and Ludwig on to the platform, and received a very hearty welcome. Then began a grand rendering of Schubert's Quartet in D minor, interpreted with splendid skill. The happy-familiar notes of the second movement made an especial impression. Dr. Joachim was in remarkably good form. There were none of those harsh scrapings which occasionally disfigure even his playing, and his colleagues were inspired to do their best as well. Miss Kate Cove sang Handel's difficult "Lusinghe più care" with a facility which proved careful study, and, for her second song, she gave Spohr's "Rose softly blooming," which used to be such a favourite with Madame Clara Samuell. Mr. Leonard Borwick was encored after playing three harpsichord pieces by Scarlatti, and gave a fourth. He joined Dr. Joachim in an admirable though not very impressive rendering of Brahms' Sonata in D minor. This enjoyable concert concluded with Haydn's Quartet in D major.

LUTE.



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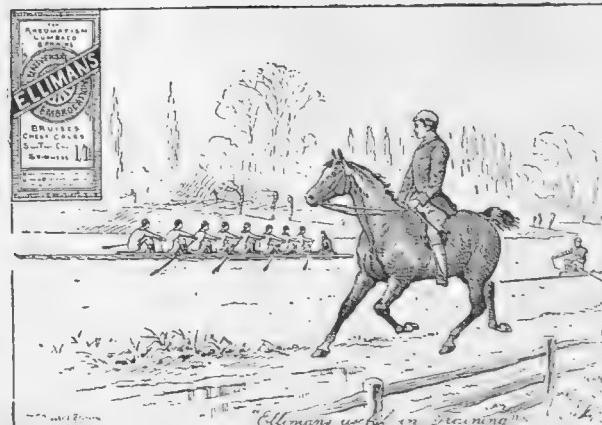
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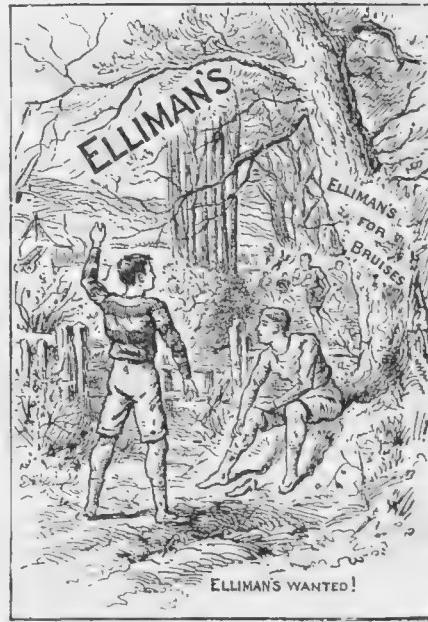
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## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

I had thought that the thing had been duly made away with and hurriedly interred at the beginning of the last season, and that a verdict of justifiable homicide had been brought in against outraged womankind; but, perhaps, like the proverbial cat, it has nine lives; anyway, the fact remains that—let me whisper it very softly!—beneath the ample folds of several of the latest Paris model gowns there lurks a crinoline, somewhat depressed and modified, it is true, but still a crinoline, for all that!



This fact was revealed to me, with becoming gravity, the other day, when Madame Humble and I sat together in solemn conclave, as to Dame Fashion's plan of campaign, in those charming *salons* at 19, Conduit Street, which are now universally recognised as one of the most noted headquarters of our fickle ruler and the abode of all that is smart and original. The particular gown, which had originally been distended by one of these resuscitated crinolines, but had since been shorn of its glory, was lovely enough, in all conscience, to make one forgive it anything. It was fashioned of white glacé silk, patterned with bunches of blurred pink roses and pale forget-me-nots, interspersed with a chiné design in pale blue. The skirt was enormously full, and was bordered with a narrow triple flounce, caught here and there with an airy bow of white tulle; and the bodice, which had huge puffed sleeves terminating just below the elbow, was draped across the front with bands of white glacé ribbon, tying in a quaint long bow at the left side. There was also a deep collar of the brocade, continued into pointed revers, made gorgeous with enamel and diamond buttons; and then there was a vest of white tulle, with a perfect foam of the same filmy fabric at the throat, resolving itself, on closer inspection, into a cravat bow. Another Parisian *confection* of which Madame Humble kindly allowed me to have a private view was, to say the least of it, startling, for it was mainly composed of the plaid silk which is to be the fashionable wear in Paris, but which will never, I fancy, become popular here. The skirt was entirely of the plaid silk, the ground, a pale tan, striped with darker brown, and crossed by broad satin stripes in turquoise-blue and narrow lines of white. The sleeves, too, were of this striking fabric; but little of it was seen on the bodice itself, which had a deep draped waistband of geranium-pink satin, showing a line of white satin at the edge, and

tying at the back in two bows, one white and the other pink. Then there was a smart little coat of dark-brown velvet, finished at the right side with a rever of white satin, and at the left with a cascade drapery of yellowish lace; and there you have complete one of the latest Parisian successes, which, if anyone is courageous enough to appear in it here, will certainly create a sensation. To be candid, it sounds in a description much more extreme than it looked in reality; and, indeed, the mere fact of its admittance into Madame Humble's domain is sufficient guarantee for its perfect good-taste.

All the same, it was a relief to the eye to turn to a charming gown of nut-brown crépon, the fullness of the skirt caught together at the back, just below the waist, with a gigantic jet hook-and-eye, while great circlets, formed of cut-jet beads and cabochons, almost covered the bands of creamy guipure which outlined the zouave bodice. The waist was swathed round with bands of black satin ribbon fastened at the left side with a double rosette and bow; and in vivid contrast to this subdued colouring was a touch of plaid ribbon at neck and wrist, the colours comprising yellow, blue, and black. Another dress in which plaid silk played an important part was of thick silky crépon in a honeycomb design and a bright shade of leaf-green. This crépon, by the way, will undoubtedly be the material of the season, and will be obtainable in all imaginable designs and colours. The satin-striped varieties will be the least fashionable—they belonged emphatically to last season, and are, therefore, ineligible for this present one—but the more handsome and serviceable honeycomb and wavy patterns will be in enormous demand, and, though the initial expenditure required for their purchase is somewhat alarming to those with modest dress allowances, they will be found well worth the cost, for they will look well and wear well. So, long live crépon! say I; and I fancy that my sentiments will be shared by the vast majority. But, in the meantime, this particular green crépon gown has been sadly neglected, so let me hasten to make amends by telling you that the full, plain skirt was fastened over the bodice with a draped band of silk in pale blue, yellow,



cerise, green, and pale and dark-tan plaid, and tied at the back in a wide bow. The bodice was an elaborately beautiful affair, with a full front of soft green chiffon, the sides being covered with mellow-tinted lace, and having quaint little double reverses of the plaid, bound with black satin ribbon, and terminating in a satin rosette, these same reverses being continued into the daintiest little sailor collar, which fell over the lace-covered back with the prettiest effect imaginable, while

the black satin collar-band, with its full quilling at the back, made a becoming setting for the face. Still another crépon gown—dark blue this time—had a waistband of shot blue-and-green glacé, the bodice, which had a shirred and gathered yoke of palest yellow chiffon, being veiled with slightly overhanging folds of black net, sewn thickly with iridescent blue and green sequins. For outdoor wear there was an eminently *chic* cape, the main object of which seemed to be to serve as a background for any number of coquettish bows (in the glacé silk), which were perched on the shoulders, at the back of the neck, and again in the front. The yoke was simply a glittering mass of sequins, and never have I seen these two once antagonistic colours so effectively combined.

Entirely different in character was another gown—still of the inevitable crépon—in a lovely shade of pinkish-mauve—like the unopened buds of a spray of lilac—patterned with triple spots in white. In order to allow of the skirt being still more voluminous, there were half-a-dozen gathered rows on the hips, the bodice having a waistband



of black and a vest of white satin, bordered with soft frills of black accordion-pleated chiffon, edged with white Valenciennes; while, to carry out the scheme of colouring, there were triple shoulder-capes, the top one of black satin, frilled with the lace-edged chiffon and outlined at the side with a row of minute white buttons, with an equally diminutive brilliant flashing in the centre: the middle one of white satin, and the third of the chiffon, with its dainty lace edging. Imagine full, softly puffed sleeves, finished just below the elbow with a frill of chiffon, and a collar of black satin, over which fell a soft chiffon and lace frill, and you have the picture complete.

And now for a triumph of ingenuity which emanated from Madame Humble's own clever brain, and for which she should be heartily congratulated. It takes the form of a costume which is a veritable wardrobe in itself, and by means of which one could appear in at least three (apparently) entirely different gowns. Let me explain. First, you have a plain, perfectly cut skirt of soft dark-green cloth, bordered with a double roulleau of velvet and cloth, and an equally perfectly cut cloth coat, full-skirted, and just caught together at the waist over a vest of yellow silk, covered with numerous little frills of black accordion-pleated chiffon, edged with white lace and brightened by a draped collar of deep-yellow velvet. But the chief features of the coat are the leaf-shaped revers of green velvet, which are drawn through a ring of yellow velvet, and add one more distinctive feature to an already notably smart gown: I had almost forgotten one more finishing touch—some lovely paste buttons, two of which appear at the back and two in the front of the coat, while one is placed at each side of the velvet collar, over the back of which falls a *frou-frou* of the chiffon, with its tiny lace-edging. Next, there is provided a simple bodice of yellow silk, with tucked

yoke and pouch-front, which looks charming with the cloth skirt for indoor wear. And still this is not all, for yet another vest—in pouch-form this time—is of yellow silk covered with white openwork embroidery lawn, and with a collar of yellow chiffon, tying in a great cloudy bow at the back, and with a soft upstanding frill of black net against the neck. Over this is worn a collarless cape of the cloth, with a leaf-shaped velvet bow at each side of the neck, where it is fastened with a golden hook-and-eye of goodly proportions. Now, I ask you, could the heart of woman desire anything more fascinatingly smart, and, withal, genuinely useful, than this many-sided costume, which Madame Humble has already made for one well-known Society dame to wear at the Riviera, that Paradise of smart gowns?

So much for the mere descriptions. And now for the sketches, for I refused to be satisfied till Madame Humble had let my artist sketch two of her latest creations for your benefit; and, indeed, it seems likely to me that one or other of them will so specially appeal to some of you that, like the world-famed baby, "you won't be happy till you get it." Take first, then, the gown of which both the back and front views are shown. It has a skirt of the most tender leaf-green silk, the rich texture shown off to perfection by its untrimmed fulness. In order to allow of its fitting somewhat closely over the hips, and yet standing out in exceptionally full folds beneath, there is a piping run across about six inches beneath the waist, while a similar line passes down each side of the front. At the back, it falls in any number of full folds, a novel effect being secured by two large bow-like arrangements of the silk, which stand out at each side. The bodice is entirely of black accordion-pleated chiffon, forming a slight pouch in front, and just overhanging the black satin-bound waist all round, while over the shoulders pass braces of broad white-silk ribbon, embroidered with silken dragon-flies gorgeous in pink, blue, black, and gold, and combined in front with knotted bows and ends of yellowish old lace, caught into a paste buckle. The silk sleeves, which are positively gigantic in their fulness, manage to terminate in plain, tight-fitting cuffs, finished with a frill of chiffon, and over the shoulders falls a broad frill of double chiffon, which narrows until it terminates at the waist. This dress is certainly calculated to make any woman break the Tenth Commandment if she should see it adorning and beautifying her neighbour instead of herself. The other gown is simplicity itself, or rather, it is a perfect example of that simplicity to which only art can attain. Crêpon in a bright lovely shade of Neapolitan violet is the material thereof, and for adornment it has a deep-pointed collar of uniquely beautiful string-coloured and cream guipure, and bright grass-green ribbon outlined with a narrow black-and-white stripe. This ribbon forms the waistband, is wound twice round the neck, and, after passing under the arms from the box-pleat at the back of the bodice, forms a bow at each side of the box-pleat in front, similar jaunty little ends appearing on the shoulders. The sleeves themselves have puffs to the elbow, divided by a broad box-pleat, and plain cuffs with a pointed appliqué. And now, before I am drawn into the toils of any more of the things of beauty which I saw at Madame Humble's, I will flee from the subject, and, for the sake of variety, betake myself, in the spirit at least, to Paris itself. Nearly all the new fashions make their first bow to the public on the Parisian stage, so the sketches given on page 313 of gowns worn in "Monsieur le Directeur," at the Vaudeville, by those well-known actresses Mdlle. Sisos and Mdlle. Breval, need no recommendation beyond their own smartness and novelty. For Act I. Mdlle. Sisos has a skirt of pale-grey cloth, slashed open all round from waist to hem to show an under-skirt of white cloth, the vest being of the white, and the bodice itself having revers adorned with steel and brilliant buttons. The costume is completed by a hat of pale leaf-green straw, trimmed all round with rosettes of satin ribbon, from which rises a black Paradise aigrette. Her second dress is of pale salmon-pink peau de soie, the bodice veiled with white guipure, and having braces formed of gold, steel, and jet paillettes; while it is also provided with one of the fashionable detachable plastrons in silk. A touch of black velvet at neck, waist, and shoulders completes the effect, and the accompanying headgear takes the form of a jetté lace butterfly, combined with a black feather aigrette, mauve pansies, and choux of black accordion-pleated chiffon. In Act III. Mdlle. Sisos wears a skirt of white mousseline de soie, embroidered at the foot with pale-green silk, and a bodice of tender-green silk, with a graceful fichu of the embroidered mousseline de soie.

Mdlle. Breval's first dress has a skirt of olive-green surah, and bodice and sleeves of silk crêpe, with white silk waistband and deep collar of white guipure, her pale-green straw hat being trimmed with many coloured roses and a green aigrette, while for Act III. she has a very simple white dress, spotted with cherry-red, and with collar, sash, and waistband of cherry-coloured satin, the bodice being of white chiffon, embroidered in an openwork design to show the satin lining. A lady in the audience wore the other dress illustrated, which was of chestnut-coloured wool crêpon, the sleeves and vest embroidered with a floral design in pale pink. The zouave jacket was ornamented with bands of white guipure, sewn with jet and broad black velvet, the bonnet being entirely composed of mistletoe—a somewhat daring experiment, which would hardly be copied here, I fancy.

FLORENCE.

The photograph of "The Dromios of Bristol," attributed last week to T. Thatcher, ought to have been credited to Mr. H. Midwinter, Bristol.

When "The Mikado" was produced, Miss Alice Barnett was in America, and thus Miss Rosina Brandram created the part of Katisha at the Savoy. Miss Barnett created it in Australia.

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## PARLIAMENT.

BY A "CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

The Government's first Bill is launched on its voyage towards destruction. Welsh Disestablishment is the first of the electioneering measures, or "snowballs," as Lord Salisbury called them, which are to "fill up the cup" of the House of Lords. Mr. Asquith's speech on the first reading was insolently short. But why not, now that the House of Commons has simply become a Chamber for registering the decrees of the Cabinet? Sir Michael Hicks-Beach made an exceedingly good speech in reply, but, as he himself said, the whole discussion was unreal. On the merits of the Bill, *tout est dit*. Disendowment, of course, is sheer robbery. As for Disestablishment, there are a good many Churchmen who, purely from a Church point of view, would not object to it. Free from State control, the Church would perhaps live a more independent spiritual life. But the opponents of Disestablishment should be not so much the clergy as the laity. To de-Christianise England is the last effort of the Radical Party. Pending the destruction of the House of Lords, they could hardly be expected to keep their impious hands off the House of God. But the Church in Wales is the Church of England, and must stand or fall with it.

SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH.

In the absence of Mr. Balfour, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has returned to the leadership of the Conservatives, which he held for so brief a spell in 1885. He led the Opposition to the Welsh Bill in an admirably thorough speech, which was deservedly complimented by Sir Richard Webster on Thursday, and he filled the same important place in answer to Sir William Harcourt's notice taking the time of the House for Government business till Easter. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is, perhaps, the safest man now on the Conservative front bench. He always speaks with serious dignity; he is not an orator, but no one doubts his conviction and his sterling character. It was a great loss to the party when the state of his eyesight compelled him, in 1886, to give up the leadership of the House of Commons, and, to a large extent, public life altogether.

## THE CABINET AS DICTATOR.

As I anticipated last week, Sir William Harcourt has already annexed the time of the House for Government business till Easter. Also as I anticipated, he declared that it was necessary because the Opposition had taken up so much time over the Address. *Too* much time was certainly wasted over the Address, but it was wasted by discontented Radicals and Irishmen. But Sir William Harcourt's real plea for more time was more instruction. There are only two days in the week now, he said, for Government business, and, with the existing standing-orders, it is acknowledged to be impossible for any Government to get through its programme. This is nothing more nor less than a claim that the House of Commons exists in order to register the decrees of the Cabinet. Private members have suffered much of late years, but this is the first time that they have been told so directly and unblushingly that their sole function is to play the party ass and vote for the Cabinet's programme. It has always been held, in theory, that the House of Commons was to be of some use for private members; but now, if a Government declares that the standing-orders must be altered, so that it may be possible for the Cabinet to rush through its Newcastle or other programmes, the private member may as well give up his own ambitions as well. Sir William Harcourt's speech was, indeed, an argument not so much for a temporary expedient as for a Parliamentary revolution. And that is practically what has been effected of late years, to the great detriment both of Parliament, its members, and the country. Parliament is now simply the Cabinet's machine. No measure not backed by the Cabinet has a chance. The consequence is, that, on the one hand, the Cabinet becomes a dictator, and, on the other, that the quality of Members of Parliament tends to deteriorate.

## LORD CARMARTHEN'S CHANCE.

Perhaps Lord Carmarthen's little success with his Pistols Bill may seem an answer to this criticism. Let me give all credit to Lord Carmarthen for getting the second reading of that useful little measure by the help of the Government, and against the resistance of that obstinate faddist Mr. Hopwood, and other Radicals, including Mr. Alpheus Cleophas Morton, that inevitable supporter of the worse cause. But, if you get a second reading of your Pistols Bill on a Wednesday, when do you get a second chance? It has gone to the Select Committee on Law, but when will it reappear for a third reading? Mr. Hopwood will block it on every opportunity, and the Government are exceedingly unlikely to massacre one of their own innocents in order to give a Tory member a chance with his little Bill. No; Parliament is rapidly becoming useless for legislation. Any dangerous subject is shifted on to a Committee, and the Government Programme itself is notoriously mere electioneering. If this were not confessedly a dissolution session, private members could not possibly stand it. But, as it is, they know that, for good or ill, their reputations in this Parliament are made. Speaking of Lord Carmarthen, by the way, it is worth noticing once more the fact that so many of the most "coming-on" men in the Commons are Peers' sons. Lord Carmarthen is the son of the Duke of Leeds, and is a quiet man who is popular on both sides. Explain it as we may, and pass Peers' Sons Disabilities Removal Bills, or what not, the young aristocrats in the House manage to make themselves just as useful as any of the "democratic" members. The "democratic" humbug, curiously enough, has been one of the things most glaringly exposed in this "Down-with-the-Lords" Parliament.

## PARLIAMENT.

BY A "RASH RADICAL."

There is nothing more remarkable about the House of Commons than its childishness. When I want to see serious work, I go to the County Council; when I want to amuse myself, I repair to the Lobby of the House of Commons. No outsider would believe how much of the time of Parliament is given up to mere schoolboy games of moral fisticuffs. Personal scandals, all sorts of side- and bye-issues delight the hearts of the gossips of the smoking-room, the corridors, and the green benches. But for a long time I have not known the House of Commons so tickled by anything as about the mystery of Mr. Chamberlain's vote over the division on the Cotton Duties. It chuckled in the Lobby, it roared in the House, it circulated cartoons, it gave itself up to a fit of small laughter. To find out Mr. Chamberlain, the clever, the astute, not to say the dodgy, in an absurd predicament was, of course, delightful to the Irishmen and the Radicals, and somehow the Conservatives could not altogether forbear joining in the merriment.

## THE STRANGE CASE OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

The truth was simple enough, and is not unfamiliar to members who, through inattention or carelessness, or some too late change of mind and policy, have found themselves in the awkward position of being locked in one of the Lobbies, and, save for one rapid movement, being compelled to record a vote against their will. This was Mr. Chamberlain's fate at the close of the debate on the Indian Cotton Duties. I am afraid Mr. Chamberlain had had a good deal to do with that rather too clever manoeuvre to beat the Government in a division in which the interests of Lancashire were pitted against those of our Indian Empire. Whether this was so or not, Mr. Chamberlain, after listening, with obvious discomfort, to a debate in which Sir Henry James's peddling special pleading had been torn to pieces by Mr. Fowler, found, at the last moment, that his party were not in the least degree inclined to go with him or with the mover of the resolution. Unfortunately, the Member for West Birmingham stayed too long for safety. After the question has been put, the doors of the House are locked, and no egress is allowed from it, or from the Division Lobbies, after the filing-out is complete, until the unlocking takes place and the vote of each member has been recorded. What was Mr. Chamberlain to do? Drawing a veil over the details, I can only say that he found what the Speaker politely called a "means of escape." He went into the Lobby, but did not come out of it. The Speaker declined to inquire the exact place of his temporary residence, and it stands unrevealed in the records of the House. On one point, however, I can give an authoritative contradiction—Mr. Jesse Collings did not share his retreat with him.

## IN SMOOTHER WATER.

For the rest, the Government are doing well. They got an enormous increase of prestige over the Cotton Duties, for which Mr. Fowler, in his sounding rhetoric, made out an unanswerable case and caused Sir Henry James to cut a very poor figure. They have now got through the Address, have reintroduced Welsh Disestablishment, have secured most of the time of the House, and have actually witnessed the partial retreat of Mr. Redmond from his earlier position of uncompromising hostility. For the time, therefore, they seem to be safe, but their path is not an easy one. Sir William Harcourt does his work now well, now fairly, but, save when a sweeping rhetorical retort is open to him, I cannot say that the Chancellor of the Exchequer shows much enthusiasm for his work, or that the Government pull together as whole-heartedly as one would wish to see. They are able, however, to keep in power, and, I think, to pass their Bills.

## THE LOCAL VETO PERIL.

Not, however, the Local Veto Bill. If that measure were to come on for second reading within the next two months, I do not think it would be carried. The Redmondites would vote against it, and Liberal brewers and distillers, like the two Mr. Whitbreads, Captain Fenwick, Mr. Beaufoy, Mr. Evershed, and Mr. McEwan would necessarily go into the Lobby on the other side. This, I think, would mean inevitable defeat and an appeal to the country. Sir William Harcourt sticks to his measure, insists on keeping it to the front, treats it as a political measure of the first importance, and stakes, as, of course, he is compelled to stake, the vote of the Government upon it. Here, then, lies the next peril. But it is still far ahead, and the prospect for the other measures, especially for the Irish Land Bill, is rather rosy.

The March number of the *Minster* (A. D. Innes) marks a steady improvement in printing. There are several interesting articles, a poem by the eloquent Bishop of Derry, a story by the inevitable Rev. S. Baring-Gould, some informing "Rough Notes on Eastern Churches," and a plea for systematic giving, by the venerable Earl of Cranbrook. The Literary Causierie, by Mr. George Saintsbury, is one of the best features of this enterprising sixpenny magazine. Two of the illustrations, it may be suggested, are quite inadequate.

Miss Fanny Davenport is to be credited with a new idea in the way of audience-getting. Her proposal to invite to a special performance of Sardou's "Gismonda," at the New York Fifth Avenue Theatre, every grown-up person of American birth who had never witnessed a play, was distinctly original.

A royal warrant has been granted to Lipton, the large tea, coffee, and provision merchant, and well-known Ceylon tea-planter, for the supply of tea to the Queen.

## NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

*"All is not Gold that Glitters."*

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, March 2, 1895.  
The Settlement, which was a very light one, has passed off without any trouble, and the tone of the Mining Market has been extraordinarily strong, both on renewed buying here and in Paris. The Bank Return shows a heavy drop in the proportion of reserve to liabilities caused by the withdrawal for export of nearly £650,000. The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street could, however, supply at least a million more without feeling the strain.

It is high time to raise a warning note against the rush of West Australian mining properties which are being floated here at all sorts of prices. In the majority of cases the ground-floor prices do not exceed four or five thousand pounds cash, and about twice as much in shares, so that it is easy to see into whose pocket the bulk of the capital goes. We had an opportunity of talking to a reliable Australian miner who arrived in this country from Coolgardie within the last week, and he tells us that at least 80 per cent. of the mines floated here are quite unproved; that the water difficulty is sure to be overcome in time, but that, in all probability, the solution will be by carrying the quartz to the water upon the Government railway, when it is made; and that there will be long and weary waiting for results in almost every case, with probable failure as the end of a vast majority of the companies. It is a great pity that the greed of promoters should urge them to kill the goose which is laying the golden eggs, but there can be no doubt that a bitter day of reckoning is in store for those poor people who, after hoarding their money for the last three years, are now lavishing it so freely on unproved pieces of so-called auriferous ground at Coolgardie and other places of which they know nothing. We hope, dear Sir, to keep you informed from week to week of any really well-proved and substantial venture which may be brought forward, but you will do well to warn your friends against being attracted by the fairy-tales which are at present made to do duty for mining reports in too many cases.

There have been few features of interest in the higher-class markets, although Consols and Colonial inscribed stocks have been well maintained, and Home Rails continue in good tone. The bottom came out of the Canadian Pacific market when it was officially announced that the ordinary dividend was to be passed, and we have at last an explanation of the persistent selling which has been going on from Canada, and to which your attention, dear Sir, has been several times drawn. It was generally supposed that some distribution would have been made out of the reserve fund, and the heavy drop of six points in one day represented the disappointment of holders at this course not being taken. We doubt whether the shares are worth buying even at present prices, for it is said that a heavy expenditure on "betterment," in the shape of new sleepers, renewal of bridges, and such like works, is every day becoming more urgent.

The Grand Trunk statement for January, although it does not amount to much, is better than even the few remaining "bulls" anticipated, showing an actual increase in net receipts; but, until the report of the expert now investigating the accounts is made public, there will be no considerable revival or otherwise in prices. All along the line Yankee Rails have drifted downward, especially Louisvilles, Milwaukees, and the Vanderbilt stocks; but, in the case of the latter, especially New York Central, we should not be surprised to see a smart revival.

The Foreign market has been in good form, except in the cases of Spanish and Italian securities, over which Paris has shown considerable uneasiness. The dreadfully low prices realised by River Plate commodities, such as wool and wheat, cause some anxiety, and, but for the unremunerative price of exports, we should feel confident of a return of prosperity both to Argentina and Uruguay. We still think Cordoba and Rosario, Cordoba Central (Northern Section), and one or two other stocks of a like nature, are worth looking up, while, despite the weakness of Uruguay, we should be more inclined, on any further drop, to average than to clear out. Do not forget, dear Sir, that securities of this class are sure to fluctuate, and the prudent man will always, on any considerable rise, realise a portion of his holding.

This week-end has given us a little rest from the everlasting flotation of new "numerous leases"—mines we can hardly call them; but there has been enough excitement over the "pig" in the shares of Australin, Limited, engineered by two well-known financiers. Last week we said that if you applied for shares we hoped you would do well with them, and, although you only got ten, like a wise person, you have let the "wiggens" have them at a profit of £80. We advise every other holder to do the same. It is by no means improbable that legal proceedings may be taken by several rate members of the House, and, if all we hear is true, a sensational motion for an injunction will be the result.

No sooner was the settlement over than renewed activity was manifest in the African market, and Wollmers (which we have been urging you to buy for the last few weeks) have risen smartly to over 7, or quite two points more than the price at which we secured your first parcel. The prospects of the concern are first-rate, and it is a pleasure to deal in shares which one believes will rise, but which have, at any rate, solid value in them.

Ovans and Glencains have improved among the stocks you sold, and at the Rand Central mine fifty stamps are steadily at work, to which ten more will soon be added. Rustleighs remain quiet, but holders have no reason to be anxious, as the reports from the mine continue very

favourable, and the rock-drilling plant will be at work by the end of next month. East Orions are the correct market tip for the moment, and, but for the fact that everybody is recommending them, we should say they were a really good speculation. You ask our opinion as to your holding in Johannesburg Waterworks shares, dear Sir. We strongly urge you to hold on, and, if you have spare cash, to buy more. We have for a long time favoured these shares, which will in a year or two see much higher prices. Hold Buffelsdoorn, and let nothing induce you to sell Knight's, for in both cases we expect increased values.

The *Investors' Review* for March contains several interesting articles, and for all who are interested in Grand Trunk securities the opening notice is very valuable. Discount Mr. Wilson's mania for attacking Colonial credit, dear Sir, and the whole number may be read with profit by all who have money either invested or to be put out.

Drapery businesses are, we hear, to be launched in several places, and you may expect shortly to see an issue of the shares and debentures of a well-known Oxford Street establishment whose name is a household word, and whose securities will be snapped up with avidity, as well as a comparatively small Liverpool concern, which we do not like so well. Keep a little money in hand to apply for at the Oxford Street company, for there is money to be made out of it, apart from the excellent investment which its shares will present.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

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## FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

*Correspondents must observe the following rules—*(1) All letters must be addressed to the City Editor, *The Sketch Office*, 128, Strand, and must reach the office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made by Messrs. Lamb, Shearee, and Co. to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies are only to be given through our columns. If an answer by means of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the practicability of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letter will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, difficult valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. H. R. and J. M. T.—Thank you for enclosures. We hope you have each received our private letter.

J. D.—We do not write private letters, except in accordance with Rule 5. The concerns you name may be all very good, but they are quite unknown on this market, and we can trace no dealings and get no price for any of them.

Amaran.—We can hear nothing favourable or unfavourable of the first concern you name. There is no price and no dealings can be traced. The Wentworth Company is speculative, but we think well of it.

Pimmon.—Your previous letter could not have reached us. We think well of the stocks and shares you mention, but, with the Canadian Pacific under a cloud, it is probably not the right time to buy the first. Tadcaster Towers Brewery debentures, Imperial Continental Gas Stock, Ely Brothers, Ben Evans debentures, and Assam Trading and Railway pre-preferred shares might all suit you.

C. C. C.—(1) Send us the last balance-sheet, and we will answer your question. (2) A fair investment. (3) Imperial Continental Gas, or any of the other things mentioned in the last answer. (4) We should say, "clear out," as we consider the concern was over-capitalised and is going from bad to worse.

F. G. B.—We advise you to hold your shares, and buy a few more. With reasonable rates for money, the bank's profits will rise again, while, as to the West-End Bank ("bergs," it has collapsed, as we expected, and the money has been returned to the applicants for shares). If you want investments, see answer to "Phillimore."

Scor.—Yes, we think Highland Railway Ordinary Stock a good purchase. City and South London pre-refs we hold a good opinion of.

Bux.—(1) Antofagasta debentures are high enough, and we should realise. Buy Leigh Valley first mortgage or Tadcaster Towers Brewery 4½ debentures with the proceeds. (2) We can hear nothing of this concern. It is not quoted or dealt in, and no jobber seems to know even its name.

Imara.—You mean, we presume, "The African Consolidated Land and Trading Company." If you and other correspondents would give correct names of the companies you inquire about it would save so much trouble. The concern was registered in February, 1894, and possesses some coal lands. Its shares are a gamble, and one we have no liking for.

Quincey.—We have sent you the last circular issued by the company, with the names of the directors and other information. The shares are a speculation; the market knows nothing as to its merits, and cares less, for, as in many cases, the shares are mere gambling counters. If you like taking twenty to one about an outsider, there are many more unlikely ones in the market. It is said there is a ten-stamp mill on the ground, now being put up, and that the company has enough money to finish the job, but we shall believe it when we see results.

Cambridge.—(1) The debenture stock is a reasonable investment, but for the shares there is a poor look-out. (2) Same. (3) About as hopeless as possible. When you write from such a distance, would it not be worth while to give us full information as to class of stock you hold? for there is all the difference between debenture stock and ordinary shares.

F. C. G.—A gamble, and with not half as good chances as many others. G. A.—You are utterly unreasonable in your taste for dividends. How can the one be crushed without machinery? The concern is over-capitalised, but the first returns are sure to be good when they come, which, we believe, won't be yet. You can sell at a profit if you object to waiting for the development of the property.